

THIRD ANNUAL POT AWARDS

HIGH TIMES

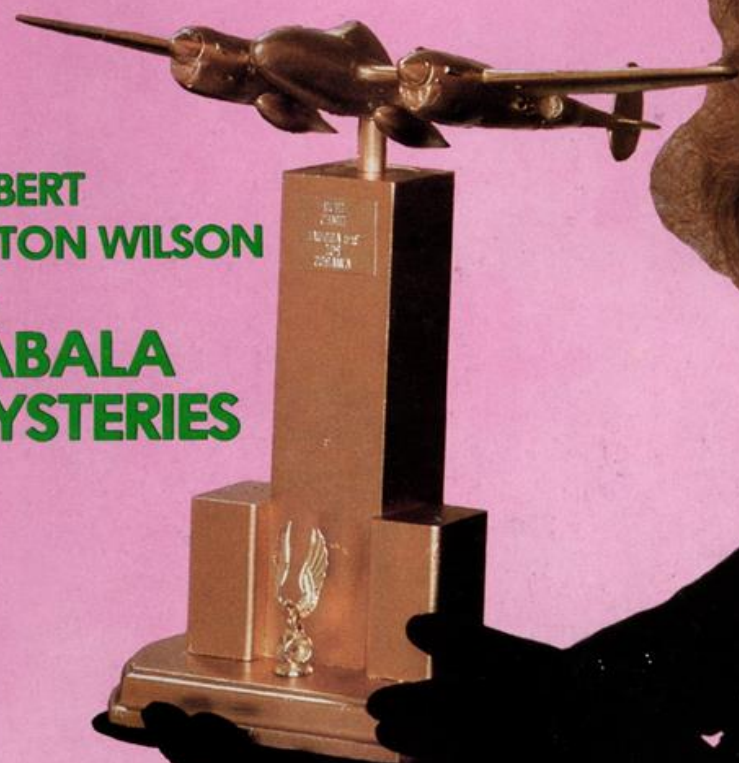
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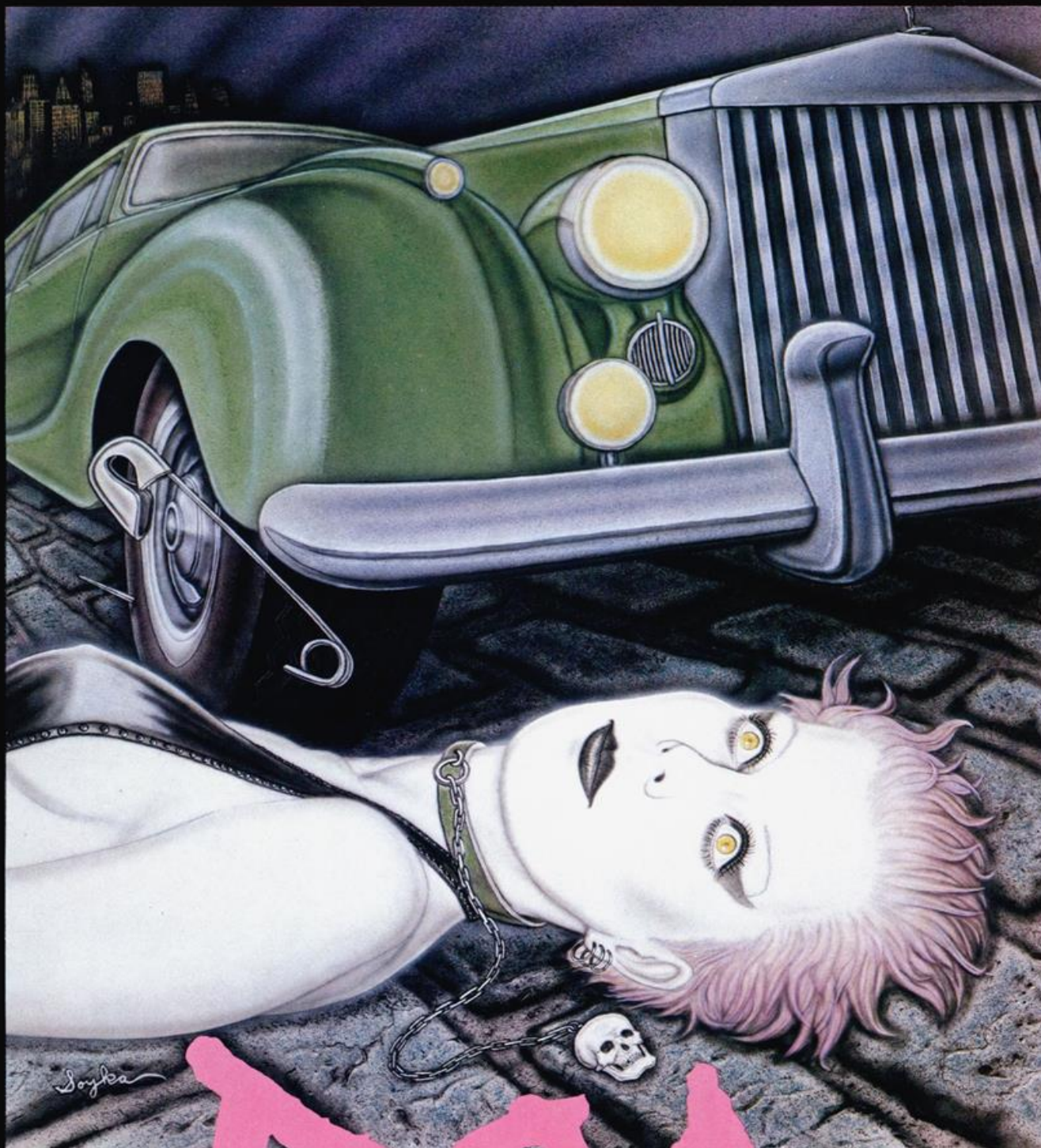
**INTERVIEW WITH
KNIGHTRIDERS'
GEORGE ROMERO**

**HIGH TIMES
GOES TO A
HAWAIIAN
BUD-TRIMMING
PARTY**

**ROBERT
ANTON WILSON
ON
CABALA
MYSTERIES**



**BOOK BONUS
WILLIAM BURROUGHS'S
CITIES OF THE RED NIGHT
ILLUSTRATED BY
RALPH STEADMAN**



TOM
NORMAN
PRESENTS

D.O.A.

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FILM

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HIGH TIMES

No. 71 July '81

FEATURES

Interview: George Romero by Mike Wilmington and Barry Brown
Zombies are his business, along with vampires, drooling monsters and assorted bloodstained ghouls. Best known for his *Night of the Living Dead*, filmmaker George Romero talks about bucking the Hollywood movie mafia, working with friend Stephen (*The Shining*) King, and the social structure of zombie society

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The Rise of T.H. Chimpsky by T.H. Chimpsky
Subjected to the stressmongering experimentation of Dr. Robert Heath, who for years had been devising new ways in which to induce brain damage via massive infusions of cannabis into his system, our hero escapes from the laboratory of his maniacal captor and flees to Africa where he forms the prototype of a projected series of marijuana-based communes . . . honest

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Grow American: In Pursuit of the Perfect Cola

by Warren Dearden

Growers of high-grade Hawaiian have been trimming their buds since the mid '70s, which basically means removing the remaining leaves from the clusters of flowering tops after they've been harvested. This process promotes a quicker, more thorough curing of the buds, which in turn greatly enhances the taste. It's also a great way to meet girls

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Cabala: Tasting the Forbidden Fruit of the Tree of Life

by Robert Anton Wilson

Fountainhead of Western mysticism, the Cabala is an intricate maze of symbols and rituals assembled by certain mystical European Jews back in the Middle Ages. Robert Anton Wilson, famed writer of the "Illuminatus" trilogy, leads us through this labyrinth of esoterica with his customary wit and style

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Presenting the release of HIGH TIMES' first feature film, chronicling the Sex Pistols' 1978 American tour and the festivities that accompanied the New York premiere. Tunnel with us as we squirm amongst the avant-garde worms in the Big Apple

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Carl and Lucy Damask, a couple of kidders from way back, take a stab at our "Seeds 'n' Stems" section. You'll laugh your bellies off as the First Family of Kozkiusko fills the air with their pungent quips and sallies . . . Tough talk from Al Haig . . . Growing old with the Little Rascals . . . Zippy . . . Moral Remains . . . The Adventurers of Trashman . . . much more

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Sounds Roy Buchanan; the Wendy Williams experience

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Last Words Improve your mind with LSD Lusters

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Cover photo by Constance Hansen, taken at the 3rd Annual Connoisseur Awards banquet held on the high seas.



40 Book Bonus: Cities of the Red Night by William S. Burroughs
In what many critics say is his best book since *Naked Lunch*, Bill Burroughs cries *¡Chinga tu madre!* and lets slip the queens of gore. Join the fun as Half-Hanged Kelley, Clinch, Hans and Peterson form a conga line and mince toward the apocalypse.

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51 'R's Third Annual Connoisseur Awards
Well, boys and girls, it's that time of year again, when growers from Maui to Maine hunker down in the HT family room and anxiously await the presentation of the coveted "Herbies." (This year's big winner is presented in a luscious **Centerfold** layout.) As in the past, your master of ceremonies for the evening is none other than that ol' Qadi of Quanab himself, "R."

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JOIN THE CELEBRATION!

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NORML turned ten this year, and we're asking *you* to join in the celebration. Ten years have seen a majority of Americans now favoring the reduction of criminal penalties for marijuana; 50 million Americans having tried pot, with 20 million regular users. There is strength in our numbers. Enough people are reading this message to get the marijuana laws off our backs once and for all. Won't you join in celebrating how far we've come, and reaffirming our commitment to end the marijuana prohibition this decade.

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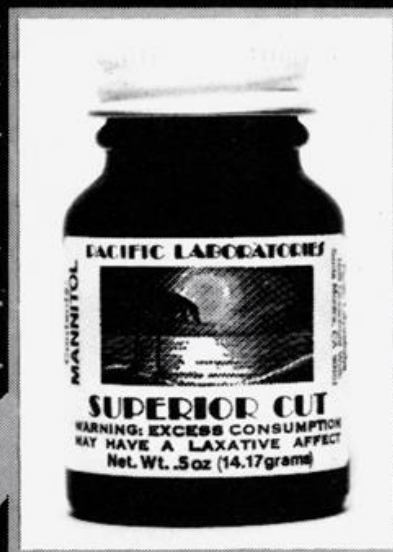
FOUNDING EDITOR

Thomas King Forcade, 1945-1978

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Flashes

We're Getting Our Magazine Together and Taking it On the Chin

A magazine is the sum of its readers. And our readers have determined a new advertising policy for us.

The mail was overwhelming. We received hundreds of complaints, both in the mail and on the phone, about the legal stimulants, those facsimile pills meant to look like pharmaceutical speed, that have been advertised in HIGH TIMES for the last year or two.

Similar pills are sold through ads in other publications and on television. Check out the "Black Beauties" and "White Crosses" in *Cosmopolitan* or those capsules of Dietac and Dexatrim being hawked on the tube. However, the consensus is that HIGH TIMES has a greater responsibility when it comes to pill ads. And, let's face it, we had more ads of this nature than the aforementioned media.

The general complaint we received pointed out that these babies were being bought through us and then being sold on the street as the real thing. To prevent you from being burned we are printing pictures of the real McCoy's here on page 9. If you purchase an "up" and it doesn't look like one of these, it isn't real—in the pharmaceutical sense.

Speaking of cleaning house, I have a further confession to make. We have been having problems with our mail-order division. We have incurred inexcusable delays in shipping HIGH TIMES products to our

readers. I won't even bother you with the great excuses we have, because though they are true, in retrospect they all sound lame. We have just been doing a bad job of it. And what makes it worse is that we realize that those of you who have ordered products are our most valued and longtime readers. I have now taken steps to solve this problem. By the time you read this all deliveries will be

on time. You have my word.

On a brighter note (and another drug), you may have noticed that emblazoned across this and the following few pages is the somewhat exciting graphic, "Flashes." The logo appeared in last month's issue as well. What is "Flashes"? I thought you'd never ask. "Flashes," with which we'll begin each issue of HIGH TIMES, is an attempt to open the maga-

zine up to you. Along with printing more of the letters that tell us how great we are, we've recalled the Adviser from assignment and he'll be available for consultation on a regular basis. So, if you indeed want to drop us a line and tell us how great we are, or (in the rare instance) that we've screwed up and should blow it out our bong-hole, do it! In addition, "Flashes" will serve as your passport to the behind-the-scenes goings-on, the glamour and heady intoxication that is part and parcel of working in the fast-paced world of big-time magazines. Imagine: You are there with Editorial Director Larry Sloman as he wades through the world of Big Apple scenemakers, getting his picture taken with celebrities, exchanging in-jokes with the cognoscenti, eating Chinese food with Contributing Editor Kinky Friedman—the best of New York nightlife at your fingertips. That's "Flashes."

So, at the risk of being mistaken for Arthur Godfrey, keep those cards and letters and stash photos coming in. In closing, to those of you who were affected by the mistakes in our mail-order division, I am truly sorry. Thank you for putting up with us and being patient. Please, don't let those problems stop you from checking out our great offers on the horizon. You will be pleasantly surprised.

Andy Kowl
Editor and Publisher

Larry Sloman: Welcome to My World



A lot of people have written me and asked what it's like being editorial director of HT. Well, it's like this: Jackie O, Margaret Trudeau, Truman Capote—I go where they go, I see what they see, I eat what they eat. With a social calendar as great as all outdoors, you'll never catch me or my pal Kinky Friedman alone at night watching TV, eating beans from a can.

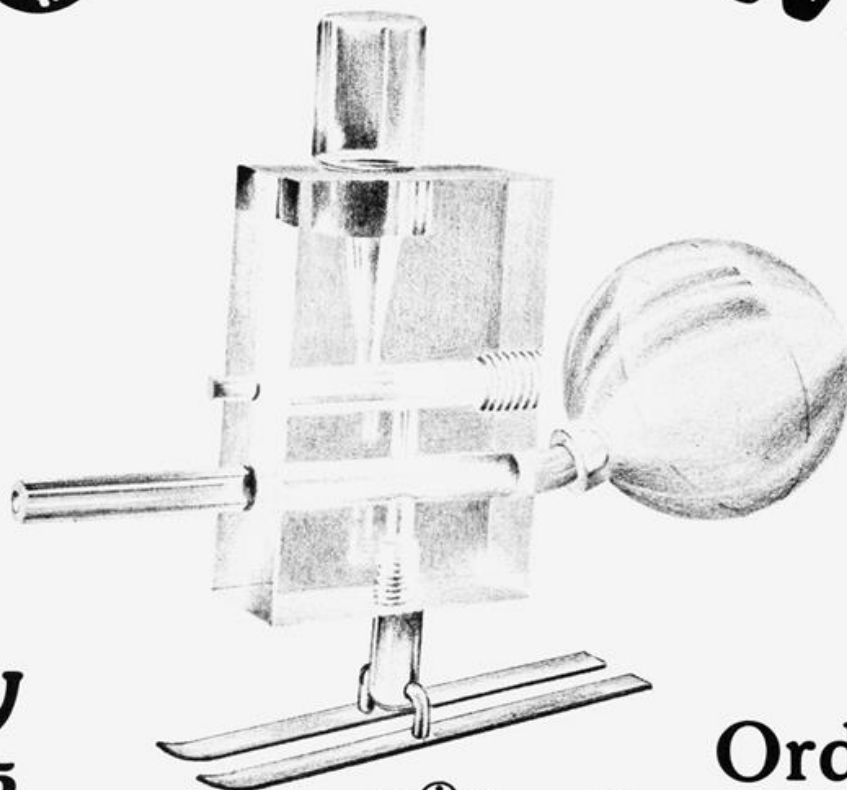
Clockwise from upper left: Me and the Kinkster with Ranger hockey stars Dave Ferrish and John Davidson; me and the Kinkster performing an impromptu "My Yiddish Mama" at a famous NYC nitespot; at a dinner dance with Ranger star Barry Beck (note the Kinkster in the background bending over the Viennese table); at the Lone Star Cafe with recording artist Doug Sahm (note the Kinkster's reflection in the upper-left hand side of my eyeglasses).

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Nobody needs to be told that scoring street crank can be risky business. Pictured below are the most common kinds of amphetamines, as found in the High Times Encyclopedia of Recreational Drugs. Most, if not all, ripoff boots will be modeled on one of these ups. Of course, short of sending your stash out to a lab, there's no way to know for sure what you're getting; we hope, though, that this chart can help.



Biphetamine Spansule 12½ mg



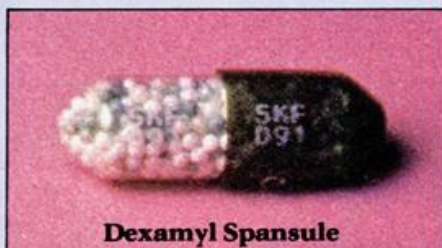
Biphetamine Spansule 20 mg



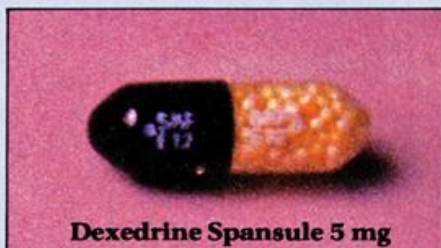
Biphetamine Spansule 7½ mg



Eskatrol Spansule



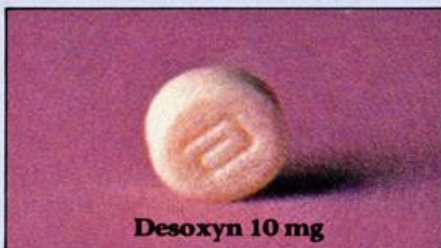
Dexamyl Spansule



Dexedrine Spansule 5 mg



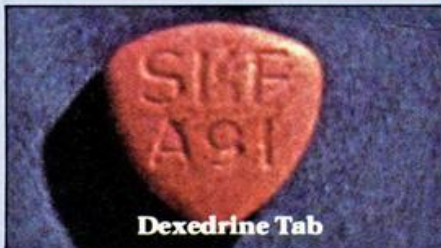
Desoxyn 15 mg



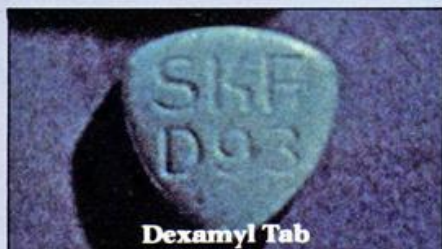
Desoxyn 10 mg



Desoxyn 5 mg



Dexedrine Tab



Dexamyl Tab



Benzedrine Tab 5 mg

Babylon Blues

I don't know what sort of drugs your writers use, but no chalice raised to my lips ever made I forget that those around I are still human beings. It's a bad trip you all take. Listen: El Salvador is not a joke. Rastas are not biz-zaro figures toting guns. (Where are the faces, the voices, the humanity in Trench-town USA.) Quit titillating the suburban whites with this stuff, or maybe you're placating their parents, I wonder. I and I are human beings too. In closing I resent spending \$2.50 to be depressed. Times is now crucial—either grow up or shut up when dealing with I and I. Save yourselves while there is still time, and Perrier and hot tubs won't put out the fire.

—I-Marie

Address withheld

Marie: Missing a Big Thing?

The big news out of *Ladies' Home Journal*: Marie Osmond's announcement that she is in fact a virgin. A mere generation ago, when virgins ran wild and free in the land and it was not uncommon to see a half dozen of them or more gathered at the salt lick, an announcement like this would not, we grant you, have been particularly big news to speak of, but these days there are of course very few remaining virgins, not to mention fewer yet who admit to it in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and a verified virgin sighting warrants reporting. Fortunately this endangered species is now protected by stern federal law—in South Carolina, for example, a single stand of virgins has shut down an Army Corps of Engineers hydro-electric project for the past six months—and officials are cautiously optimistic that in due time the herd will replenish. Marie's

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flashes



Jerry Bauer

William S. Burroughs needs no introduction to HIGH TIMES readers. In 1959, with his book *Naked Lunch*, he just about reinvented the novel. Immortalized in Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* as "Old Bull Lee" (see sidebar, page 44), Burroughs has served as spiritual adviser (or evil genius, depending on your point of view) to successive generations of America's youth. His knowledge, whether it be of drugs, anthropology, religion or literature, is encyclopedic. It's been said that he's done just about everything, and the little he's not done he saw firsthand. His latest book, *Cities of the Red Night* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), from which this month's excerpts were taken, was published earlier this year.

formal disclosure of her status came during a wide-ranging discussion of life and love and laughter and several other things. "I'm a square lady!" said Marie. "OK? I have just as many passions as any other woman! But when it's right it will be right! People make such a big deal out of sex! They dwell so much on why Marie won't got to bed with somebody! They think I'm a little weird! Like I'm missing a big thing!"

Marie said she expects to remain a virgin until she is 29, which she will be in just another eight years.

—Jay Maeder
Miami News

Urinalysis Clarification II

At my drug-free "diversion" project, they're about to install mandatory urine tests on something called the "EMIT Cannabinoid Assay." They say this gimmick can show if you've smoked marijuana for up to a week after use. Is this true, and is there any way to get around it (by taking vitamin C or drinking cranberry juice)? I only smoke on weekends usually. Is there a way to get it out of my system by Monday?

—JML
Brewster, Conn.

Sorry, but you're screwed. See, when you smoke marijuana, almost all the delta-9 THC itself leaves your body within a couple days, but one of its metabolites, 11-hydroxy THC, stays bound to fatty acids in your digestive system for nearly a week. It doesn't do anything while it's there, physically or psychotropically (so much for all those "fat solubility" reefer-madness rumors), but it is released into your urine very gradually, by a sort of time-capsule action. The EMIT test looks specifically for 11-hydroxy THC, and if there's as little as 25 nanograms—a billionth of a gram—per milliliter of urine,

Juvenile Judge to Texas Pecker Checkers

HANDS OFF DELINQUENT DICK

A Dallas judge has demanded that medical officials at the county Juvenile Detention Center renounce their practice of measuring the sexual organs of the boys admitted to the center. Though center doctors say they've been gathering dick data for the last four years in an attempt to determine if there is any correlation between a youth's propensity toward crime and his wang size, no effort was ever made to analyze the information.

When told of the court's order, a spokesman for the center was alleged to have said, "Well, I guess there goes the sphincter diameter survey."





Macha Teynesta

Meet **Adriane Barone**, HIGH TIMES art director. Young and dynamic with a flair for design matched only by her acute aphoristic sense ("If we can't all be famous we may as well be junkies"), Adriane is one newcomer with talent to spare. What does she like best about working for HT? "Knowing that Carol Burnett hates my guts."



UPI

Lyndon LaRouche Demented at 58

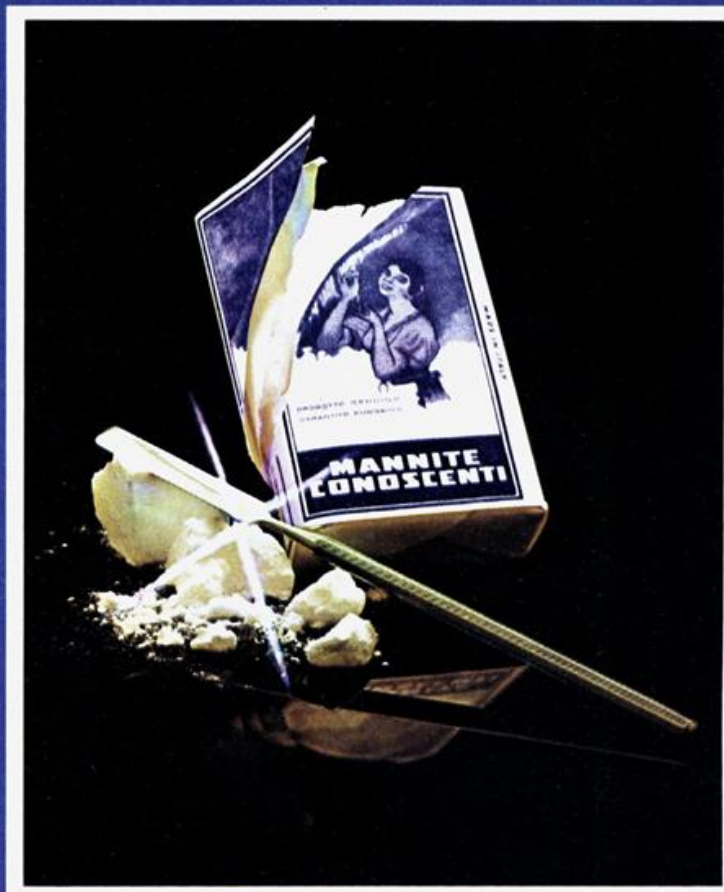
Lyndon LaRouche, grand dragon of the National Anti-Drug Coalition, which publishes *War on Drugs* magazine, was pronounced "demented" in the House of Representatives by Rep. Paul McCloskey of California. Mr. LaRouche was 58 years old. A former New York management consultant, LaRouche had spent the last few years devoting his organization's energies and resources to combating what he saw as a British-Jewish conspiracy to subjugate the entire world (the Gelfilte Fish and Chips Connection).

Mr. LaRouche is survived by a handful of sick fuckheads.

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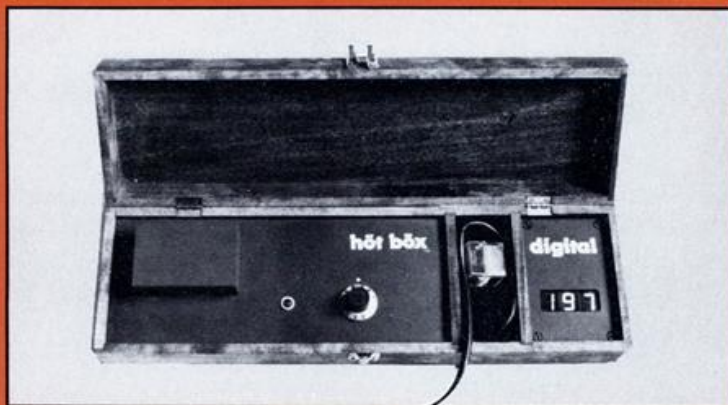
Color Him Louis

My name is Louis. I've smoked marijuana all my life and it's never done me any harm. Today I celebrated my 63rd birthday; last year I was 62. Aren't I making progress?

—Louis

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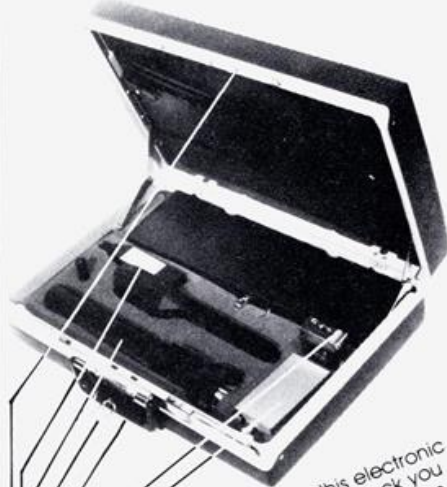
While there's no way to hasten the 11-hydroxy out of your system—vitamin C and cranberry juice are strictly for PCP overdoses—you might try to have the test taken as late in the day as possible. The National Institute on Drug Abuse did nearly all the basic development work on the EMIT test (using your tax money to enrich EMIT's ultimate manufacturer, the SYVA Corporation of Palo Alto), and their findings are public record. It seems the 11-hydroxy THC collects in your urine while you sleep and is nearly totally voided with your first morning leak. By late afternoon or evening, you shouldn't have even 25 nanograms in your urine, making it the best time to take this piss test. The next morning you'll be "positive" again, though, so watch out.

Try to make sure this copy of HIGH TIMES doesn't come to the attention of your program di-

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Flashes

British-born **Ralph Steadman**, who illustrated our excerpts from William S. Burroughs's *Cities of the Red Night*, spent the first 15 years of his career as a caustic observer of England's political scene; and there he might have remained drawing Parliament members with bushy eyebrows and prime ministers with big noses. He chose instead to answer the screaming lifestyle of America, and in the early '70s teamed up with Hunter Thompson to produce some of the most sphincter-constricting cartoons penned by man. In addition to his work for all the major magazines, Steadman has published a number of books, among them *America*, *Sigmund Freud* and our personal favorite, *Dog Bodies*.

LBJ. As I said, he is a joker, but not that good.

—B.J.R.
Rochester, N. Y.

You're a pretty nifty joker yourself, B.J. Regards to your uncle.—Ed.

Harlanitis?

I loved y'all's article on Harlan Ang ["Interview," April '81]. It's nice for us fellow photographers to be able to enjoy the work of a photographic genius such as Ang. The only error in the article was in the title. You should have called the piece "Harlan Ang;

Pot-Bellied Paparazzo." It would appear that Harlan suffers from the main hazard of his work: severe junk-food overdose. Hey, Harlan, if you need any help in working off that spare Michelin look me up... I'd be more than happy to help.

—Anne McKinney
Richardson, Tex.

It's Khat to Be Good

What is khat? Is it any good, and has its active principle been identified? —PP
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Khat is a shrub that grows in two places in the world: northeast Africa and just across the Red Sea in Yemen. Since biblical times, people there have chewed it to get a special little lift. The Queen of Sheba, who flourished thereabouts, may have slipped a quid of it into King Solomon's stuffed cabbage. It has a terrific folklore. Those in the know have rumored it to be heavier than cocaine. The World Health Organization last year budgeted a grand crackdown on khat and khat "addicts." They are all idiots. The sole psychoactive ingredient in khat is ephedrine, a stimulant maybe half as stimulating as caffeine. You can get ephedrine cheap in over-the-counter cough medicines. But some of your tax money right now is going to fight the war on khat being waged against the peasants who chew it in Ethiopia. You could write your congressman to complain about this but it probably wouldn't do any good.—Ed.

Andy's Gang



Dear Andy Kowl,
Welcome back—it's nice to know that you'll be involved with HIGH TIMES again. In March of '77 our newly formed softball team decided to name itself for the fun times we had together. We named ourselves High Times. We've now completed five seasons playing the top league in San Diego. Our High Times family consists of a veterinarian, high-school principal, college student, junior-high counselor, sculptor and phone-company exec (just to mention a few of the players). We all hope you enjoy and wear the T-shirt we've sent you. In the five seasons we've been together no one has ever had a shirt with the number 1 on it. We'd like you to be the first number 1 High Timer. Best of luck with the magazine.

—Mel Burtraw
San Diego, Cal.



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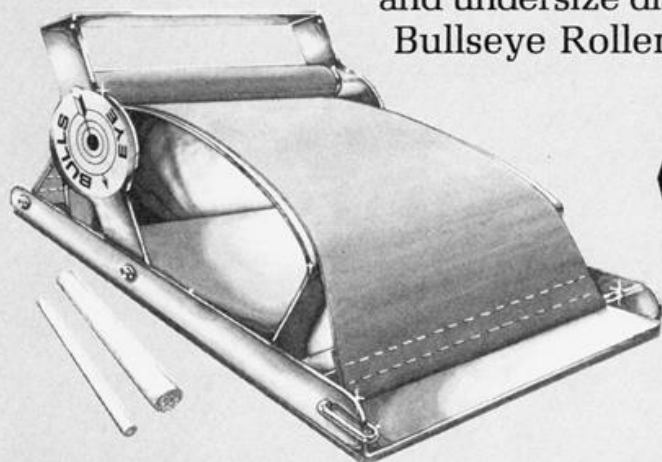
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GETTING OFF



Gail Freund

Conspiracy

by Michael Stepanian

When the government hasn't made a seizure, when there's no hardcore, honest-to-goodness evidence, no drugs, no planes, no fishing trawlers, when they don't have anything—they think they have a conspiracy. If there's been one thing responsible for putting more guys in the can who don't belong there, it's been conspiracy. Like maybe the cops (or the DEA, FBI, etc.) have a "feeling" or just "know" about some concerted bit of hanky-panky—snatches of overlooked wiretaps perhaps, or just an old case that never came together: conspiracy. I'm sure you get the picture. The good news, though, is that more and more defense lawyers are getting hip—in some cases even believable—and since Watergate they've acquired some leverage, so that now if a prosecutor charges conspiracy he better be able to prove it or be ready to wipe the egg off his face.

The main reason for the government's predisposition and even outright fondness for the conspiracy rap is that it's the only bust that allows them to use hearsay, the statements of others, against defendants (as long as they get it from an alleged fellow conspirator). For example: A small-time dealer tells an undercover agent that his supplier is John from Chicago. Subsequently, the dealer and John have lunch together. All the government needs is a *prima facie* case of conspiracy (all little dealers must buy from bigger dealers, so there's the conspiracy) and a bit of hard evidence (the lunch meeting) to convict John. The small-

time dealer's testimony slams the lid on John's coffin even though the punk may be long gone.

Certain judges have been known to admit hearsay in court even *before* a *prima facie* case has been established. Dig the M.O. A judge will say: Yeah, well, let's hear what this guy has to say, even though I know we don't have a *prima facie* proved yet; we'll just take it conditionally with a motion to strike in the event the case is not proved. Meanwhile, the jury is sitting there, seeing and hearing everything as the fink vomits his innuendos and insinuations all over the defendant. Motion to strike, my ass!

In order for a conspiracy to be legitimately proved, there has to be an agreement between one or more persons to commit an unlawful act or a lawful act in an unlawful manner. (For example: It's okay to bid on a government construction job, but not when you've got someone on the inside feeding you info as to the lowest bid.) This agreement the government will try to prove in a million different ways: You had lunch together; you spoke on the telephone (wiretaps); a fink had you staying in the same Colombian hotel. It must be further proved that this agreement bespoke an intent to commit a specific crime with correspondingly specific results that were mutually agreed upon. Also, there needs to be an overt act committed (flying here, driving there, even looking up an address in a phone book), except in a federal drug conspiracy. Many times the state will

bag some wimp on the periphery engaged in what may be an innocent act and get heavy with him, hoping to intimidate him into turning over, and then have him corroborated.

Frequently the government will put together a big case, trying to prove a huge overall conspiracy where there is actually a bunch of smaller conspiracies and wind up overstuffing it, so to speak. When this happens, defense lawyers will try and prove *variance* between what the government charged and the facts as they actually exist. Prosecutors will also allege "chain conspiracies," which is what you get in the narcotics trade where the ounce dealer has hooked up with the monster who's hiring Miami-based Cuban off-loaders at \$1,000 a day, and so on down the line. Then there are "hub conspiracies," where you have one or more persons at the center of a wheel radiating spokes of criminal activity, with each person being connected to the others via a rim of knowledge or semiknowledge about what everyone else is doing. The "El-iot" conspiracy, on the other hand, is where you have a hub involved in a smorgasbord of deals, each with a different spoke, each spoke in some cases unaware of the other's existence. All, though, can be busted in the same conspiracy by virtue of the fact that they're all dealing with the same hub. Last and meanest of the conspiracies is the Racketeering Influenced Corrupt Organization statutes, or RICO, which is a story with a spine of its own and better saved for another time.

We spoke before of the wimp hovering at the edge of a conspiracy; well, wimp or no, in order to be charged with conspiracy a person just can't be hovering around it. Even if the wimp knew what was going on, even if the wimp was there when it went down, he's cool and under no obligation to report what he's seen or heard to the cops. Conviction needs the fact that one has *intended* to conspire, that a common goal was agreed upon, and that if and when that goal is realized a specific piece of the action is supposed to come one's way. To be convicted as a conspirator a defendant needs stake in a particular venture, or that he had little or no use for certain goods or services: uncovered racetrack info, bookmaking, crooked dice and so on. But most important is intention. Now, to prove aiding and abetting the state must show that one has intentionally committed a specific act that furthered the conspiracy. Buying soft drinks for the guy who's making the Quaaludes does not qualify.

There's no better way to end this month's column than with a quote from Supreme Court justice Learned Hand, who wrote over 50 years ago: "So many prosecutors seek to sweep within the dragnet of conspiracy all those who have been associated in any degree whatsoever with the main offenders. The crime of conspiracy is the darling of the modern prosecutor's nursery."

Amen. □

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No. 71OPERATION GROUPEUR:
SUPERBUST OR SUPERHYPE?

AS A PENNY-PINCHING U.S. CONGRESS began considering the federal budget for fiscal year 1982 (including, of course, an appropriation for the Drug Enforcement Administration), the DEA announced a wave of busts under the code name Operation Grouper. Backed by a battery of apparently inflated statistics, the drug agency captured national headlines, announcing the indictment of 155 people and claiming the seizure of colossal quantities of drugs (mostly pot) and the crippling of "14 separate trafficking organizations."

The investigation, the DEA says, was built around a group of nine narcs masquerading as an expert, well-equipped, itinerant off-loading crew. The group, led by Special Agent Ted Weed (!), had been traveling widely since May 1979, establishing a track record and infiltrating smuggling operations.

The publicity about the operation came at the peak of the greatest glut of Colombian pot ever to hit the U.S. market, and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws immediately condemned the DEA, charging that "millions of pounds of marijuana entered this country because of Operation Grouper." Noting that the DEA had officially confiscated only about 2 percent of the estimated amount of weed smuggled in over the period of Grouper's existence, NORML political director George Farnham ac-

cused the DEA of "organizing, paying for, staffing, and plotting the overall operation" of smuggling rings which the DEA itself said were "responsible for 30 to 40 percent of the imported marijuana."

"Now that DEA has helped create this vast Colombian market," Farnham added ironically, they were asking "for tens of millions of dollars to destroy it."

For its part, the DEA claims that every seed and stem moved through Operation Grouper, including six boatloads they acknowledge delivering to shore, was eventually confiscated by federal, state or local authorities. Lawyers for some of the bustees and sources in the marijuana industry are extremely skeptical, however. They argue that it would have been impossible for the Grouper off-loaders to build credibility with smugglers if every-

continued on page 23



DEA administrator Peter Bensinger: He walks on water.

OPERATION GROUPEUR: THE POLITICAL SIDE

DEA REBORN

BY CHARLES WINSTON-LEVY

HIGH TIMES WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

THE STAGE SEEMED SET: U.S. CUSTOMS (THE DRUG Enforcement Administration's perennial rivals) and the FBI, who since the days of J. Edgar Hoover had avoided the drug beat like a pool of fresh vomit, were making public noises about moving into established DEA territory. The drug agency had botched things in Bolivia, they had bungled Operation Banco (their Miami dope-cash investigation), and complaints were flying about the agency's noncooperation with other police and regulatory offices. Rumors had been making the rounds in Washington that the DEA was about to be placed under the guillotine of Reagan budget cuts. It would have taken only a few words whispered into the ear of budget director David Stockman, it seemed, to have narc duties consolidated into the FBI and Customs, and administrator Peter Bensinger would have been back in Chicago making bowling balls at Brunswick. continued on page 24

BUSTWATCH

RECORD HAULS; COPS, EXECS, JUDGE POPPED

THE NUMBERS

The record for weight taken in a coke bust within the continental United States more than doubled when Drug Enforcement Administration agents grabbed 826 pounds of "high-purity stuff" from the garage of a Miami home. The investigation leading to the haul was later attributed to Operation Grouper (see stories, page 19, Highwitness News). The owner of the house, Joaquin Cordero, 50, was arrested and faced a \$250,000 bail. Also accused in the case was Angel Alvarez, 43, also of Miami, who was director of a federally funded jobs program called the Youth Co-Op in Little Havana. Though the feds claimed they would seek an indictment against Alvarez, a U.S. magistrate released him, saying the narcs had failed to show probable cause to keep him in custody. Alvarez did resign from his post, however. The previous record for a coke confiscation was set about a year ago, when Border Patrol officers on the lookout for incoming Cuban refugees stopped a Miami law student coming out of the Florida Keys with 410 pounds of blow in the trunk of his car.

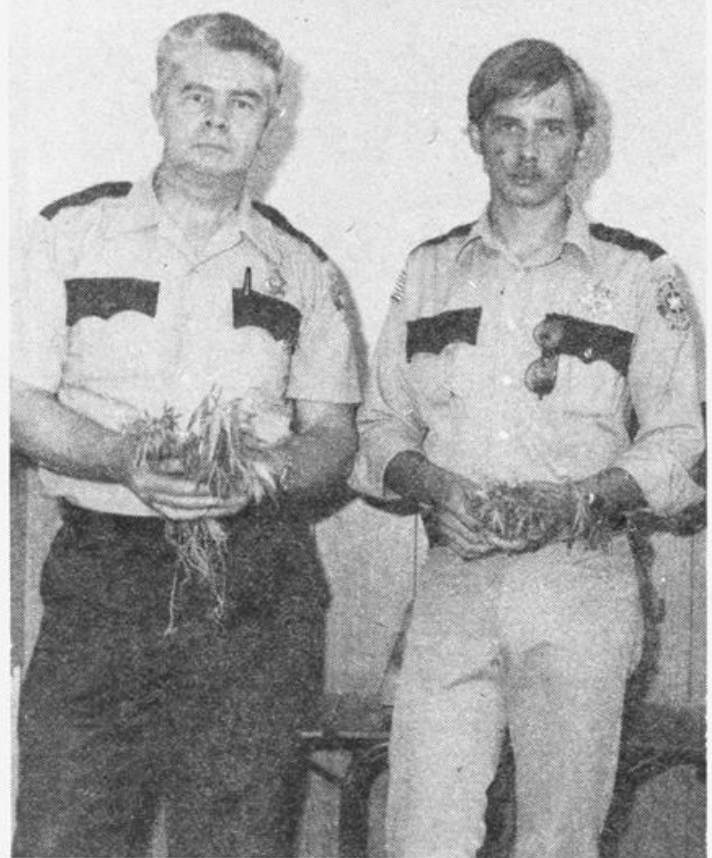
Capturing the runner-up stop in the Biggest Blow Bust category was the seizure of 614 pounds of prime, aboard a plane that had just landed at a small mountain airport in Seiverville, Tennessee. The Beechcraft, fresh in from South America, had been tailed to the isolated airfield by a Customs plane. The occupants of the aircraft escaped, leaving authorities to promise they would eventually arrest four to six people in connection with the shipment. Police agencies from five states and the federal government were said to have been involved in an investigation leading up to the pop. The kingpins of the deal are alleged to have been Texans operating out of Austin and Dallas.

Also claimed as a chartbuster was the Bellevue, Washing-

ton, case of an LSD lab where 1.5 million hits of acid were confiscated. Large quantities of poisonous and volatile chemicals were also found at Northwest Analytical Labs and were later destroyed by court order. Eighteen people were later indicted by a federal grand jury for conspiring to manufacture and distribute the drug, and for interstate travel to carry on unlawful activity. According to one U.S. attorney, the lab had produced 2 to 3 million doses of acid in the first half of 1980 and may have pumped out half of the LSD consumed in the country last year.

CROSSOVERS

- Three present and former executives of the IBM Corporation were among 11 people indicted in New York for smuggling unspecified but "substantial" amounts of cocaine into the United States.
- A Georgia State Patrol sergeant, another cop affiliated with the state Department of Natural Resources and a former police chief of Thunderbolt, Georgia, were arrested when Georgia Bureau of Investigation agents seized five tons of pot from a truck near Effingham. The state patrolman and DNR officer were said to have provided an escort, in state cars, to the stash warehouse.
- An Alabama circuit judge, Thomas Coggin, 41, was arrested, and 98 pounds of weed and a 38-caliber pistol were confiscated from his single-engine plane when he touched down near Fort Pierce, Florida, after a flight from the Bahamas. Only a few days earlier, Coggin had sentenced the mother of five children to a year in jail for possession of less than a pound of weed.
- Arrest warrants have been issued for Thomas Beeh, a narc working for the Essex County Bureau of Narcotics in New Jersey, and his 20-year-old girl friend, following revelations that Beeh and a Newark beat cop had stolen 15 pounds of "low quality" marijuana from the police



property room. The patrolman will go free in exchange for dimming on Beeh and resigning from the department. The girl friend is said to have helped distribute the weed through two dealers known only as "Sparky" and "Crazy Louie."

- An associate professor of education at Hunter College and a public-school administrator from Paterson, New Jersey, along with a third man, were arrested at the Lufthansa cargo terminal at Kennedy Airport when they arrived to pick up two crates supposedly filled with refrigerator air compressors. A Customs dog had earlier sniffed out 220 pounds of Nigerian weed in the boxes fresh in from Lagos.

PLEA BARGAIN OR BRIBE?

Seven men and three women,

charged with conspiring to buy 625 pounds of pot from undercover agents, were offered a plea bargain in Tampa, Florida, under the following conditions:

- Cops keep \$180,000 confiscated in the arrests.
- Cops keep \$5,500 found in the trunk of one of their cars and \$1,800 more from a defendant's purse.
- Defendants pay off \$6,000 owed on one of three Cadillacs allegedly used in connection with their criminal activity and give all three Caddies to the cops.
- Defendants accept one of three additional penalty packages: \$15,000 fines and one year probation; \$5,000 fines and two-year probations; or no fines and three-year probations.

All ten defendants had to accept or the deal was off. No word, as we go to press, on whether they went for it.

THE TV COCAINE SCANDAL

BY BOB LABRASCA

Strange stuff, this business about the quality of television programming (probably the most banal, mind-dulling juggernaut of sensory input ever devised by man) being subverted by the ravages of cocaine use. Is it really conceivable for the industry that brought us "Hello, Larry," "Family Feud" and "Charlie's Angels" to be further polluted, even by a blight of angel dust?

The hysteria started when *TV Guide*, trading on the exotic appeal of the drug itself, published a sensationalistic two-part story entitled "Hollywood's Cocaine Connection." This little "investigative" potboiler began with a conclusion—"Does cocaine have a serious effect on the TV industry and what viewers see in their living rooms? Sure it does"—and ended with the ominous question: "...will it...destroy the TV industry?" The weekly pamphloid hyped the story in titillating commercials, spelling out the title in lines of white, crystalline powder. It was enough to make your nose itch.

The industry insiders, interviewed for the story by writer Frank Swertlow, seemed willing to say lots of outrageous things about coke, but seldom anything intelligent. To

CASHING IN ON THE GLAMOUR OF BLOW

hear them and Swertlow tell it, you'd think li'l ol' cocaine was an insidious spirit with the power to seduce and destroy anyone and everything that came near it. In fact, *TV Guide* has probably done more to glamorize blow than *HIGH TIMES* could ever do. After "a few gentle sniffs," Swertlow tells his readers, "for 15 minutes or so, a tremendous, exhilarating high fills the user. Then, when the euphoria abates, the drug must be used again and again." (Not to pull rank, but I've snorted *cocaina* fresh out of the kitchens in Bolivia; it was nice, but not quite what Swertlow cracks it up to be.)

The people the writer interviewed, or at least those he chose to quote, seem to fit two broad categories: reformed coke-aholics who are now trying to live down the bad reps they earned while overdoing it; and up-and-comers suffering from jealousy and resentment toward others in the industry who snort a little blow and perhaps occupy more important positions than they

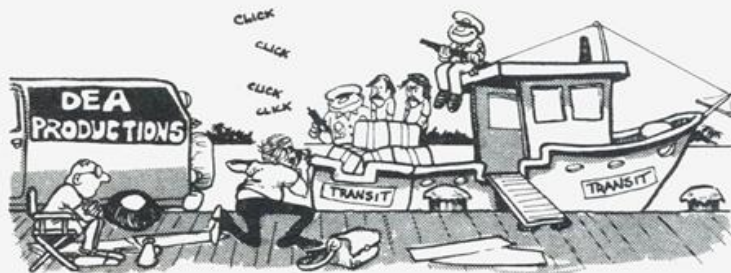
do. Does anyone really believe that the higher reaches of production companies are shot through with executives who hold their jobs for no other reason than that "somewhere along the line" they "have gotten people drugs"? *TV Guide* should know, if anyone should, that executives are shuffled around like checkers in the television industry not because of who hands out blow, but because of who brings in the ratings. Remember the *bottom line*? It's not giving away coke; it's selling deodorant that counts.

The same impulse that leads some people to stringing themselves out on cocaine drives others to malicious

stereotyping of their coworkers who dabble in drugs. It's called venal ambition. That may be a problem. It's time to call for a congressional investigation of *venal ambition* in the television industry!

Sounds ridiculous, but no more so than the "probe" of "widespread use of cocaine and other drugs" in the entertainment world attempted by the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse in response to the *TV Guide* story. Of course, the Tinseltown witch-hunt fizzled when scheduled star witnesses Cathy Lee Crosby, MTM Productions president Grant Tinker and others pulled out, realizing they were to be used for the slander of their own industry—a sad moment for Republican comiteeman and former local talk-show host Robert Dornan, who lost his big chance to interview celebs about drugs on the network news.

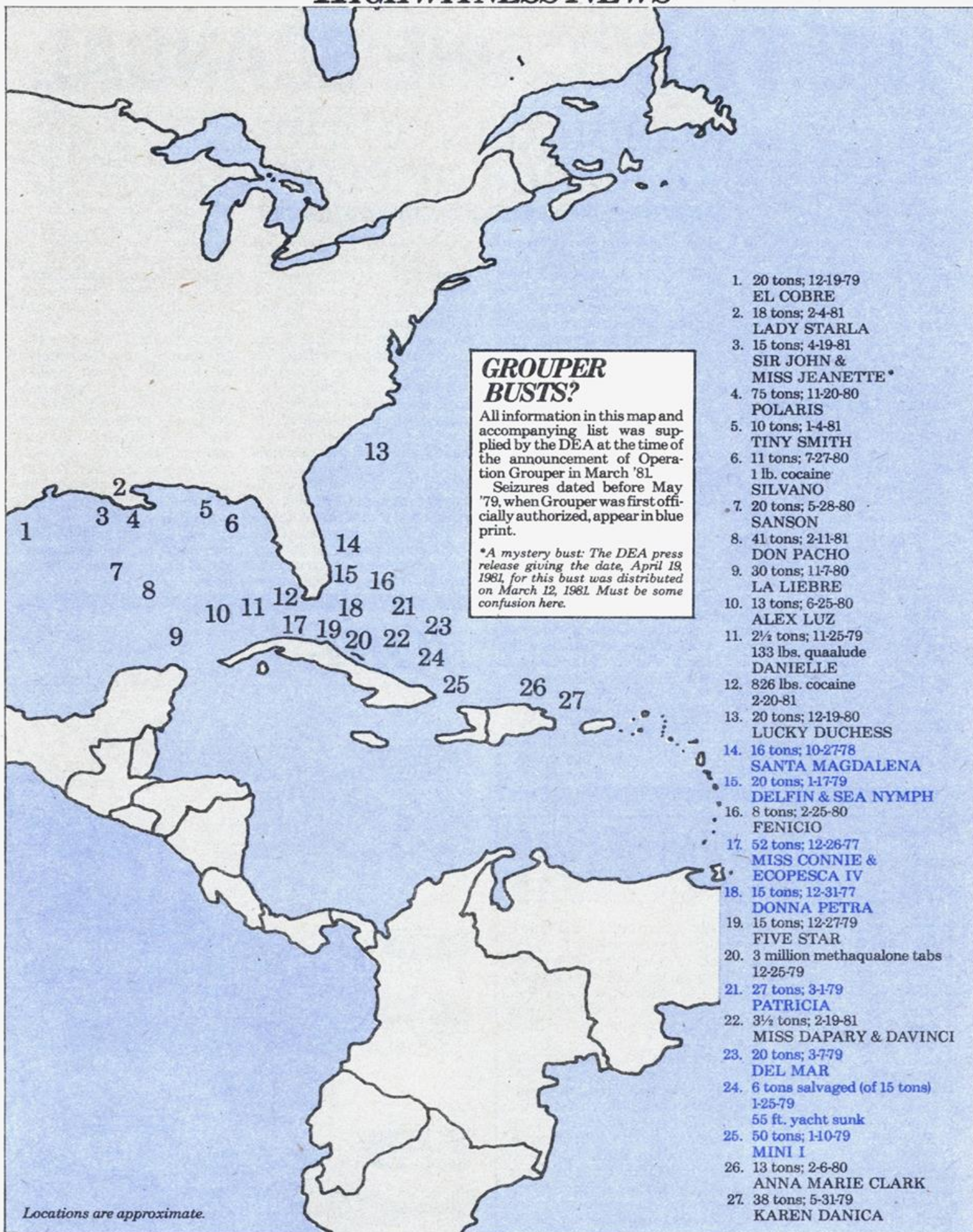
JORGY



SCAVENGERS SCORE IN HOPE, ARKANSAS

IT WAS A LOT OF POT, 23,700 POUNDS, AND THE CITY INCINERATOR of Hope, Arkansas, couldn't quite consume it all. Police had taken the load from a semi at a truck scale on Interstate 30 after popping two Virginia truck drivers for possession with intent to deliver. It's difficult to cram that much weed into a police property room, so they soon pushed the load through a furnace and hauled the "ash" to a local dumping site.

Alert Arkansans spotted partially burned bales and managed to salvage some perfectly smokable weed. Several thrifty citizens—who deplore waste in any form—managed to liberate as much as two pounds each from the dump before local sheriff Don Worthy was notified about the trashpickers and ordered increased patrols of the area. Worthy also warned people who might smoke the weed that it could be contaminated with chemicals that had been put through the same incinerator. Locals report having inhaled substantial clouds of the stuff, in a more controlled and thorough burning situation than was used by police, with no ill effects.



GROUPER

continued from page 19

thing they touched eventually got popped. At press time, defense attorneys are seeking evidence to show that Grouper pot did reach the streets, in hopes of charging the DEA with "government misconduct" in the investigation.

The DEA's statistics also raise some questions. Weed's crew, they say, produced seizures of 1,218,000 pounds of pot, 831 pounds of coke, 3 million Quaaludes, 30 maritime vessels and \$10 million. Agency press flacks distributed a list of 28 (not 30) boats taken by the Coast Guard on tips from Grouper, but eight of them show seizure dates that precede May 1979, the date when Grouper was first established. Together, these account for over 400,000 of the total 1,218,000 pounds of weed seized. Three of the eight vessels, carrying a grand total of 134,000 pounds, were confiscated way back in December 1977. The DEA released no dates for seizures of cash, but it can be assumed that a substantial portion of the \$10 million was also grabbed before May '79.

The cocaine and Quaaludes attributed to Grouper confiscations come almost entirely from only two busts: 826 pounds of coke found in a Miami garage in February of this year, and the 3 million 'ludes seized off Florida in December '79—making it clear that, despite official policy to the contrary, the DEA is still concentrating most of its efforts on the pot trade.

Con Dougherty, spokesman for the Miami office of the DEA, told HIGH TIMES that vessels seized before May '79 were included in the DEA list because, while Grouper hadn't been established officially yet, Weed and his off-loaders were active before then and were responsible for the busts. The DEA's story remains contradictory, however. Administrator Peter Bensinger, at his press conference, seemed to account for some of the discrepancy by saying that the operation was in fact two and a half years old. But that only takes it back to the fall of '78. The boats seized in '77 still precede the operation by almost a year, and Weed and his boys are said to have off-loaded the six boats before they ever chalked up any maritime busts.

This confusion lends credibility to the contention held by many observers that Bensinger's office whipped up Operation Grouper as a blockbuster press package timed to coincide with any debate that might arise over the agency's funding.

Meanwhile, all sources in the marketplace deny that the DEA even scratched the surface of the Colombian pot supply this year. Even though Grouper apparently managed to hijack nine boats following the last Colombian harvest, prices plummeted because warehouses were stuffed to the rafters. And there is more than enough time for entrepreneurs to regroup before the next crop comes in.

It also appears that Operation Grouper was at best a one-shot operation. Anyone moving enough weed to have to hire some-



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body to schlepp it off the ship will henceforward be checking the pedigrees of all potential dockhands back three generations or more.

But it can hardly be doubted that this was one of the most successful scams the DEA has ever pulled off. Given the structure of modern international cannabusiness, it was a natural. DEA officials claim they only exposed Grouper when it became so big it would have strained the resources of federal prosecutors to let it grow any larger. Also, they say, cases were beginning to come to court in which the agency would have had to reveal elements of the undercover set-up to justify charges. DEA officials claim evidence in upcoming cases will include accounts of over 400 meetings held with smuggling moguls, some of which were videotaped *à la* Abscam.

As we go to press, about 125 of the 155 people charged in 22 indictments in Georgia, Florida and Louisiana have been arrested. Record bails—in at least three cases \$20 million or more—have been set, with the total for all those charged exceeding \$100 million.

DEA REBORN!

continued from page 19

On the morning of March 12, Bensinger appeared before the House Judiciary Committee's Subcommittee on Crime. Given the DEA's apparently delicate position, hostile questioning was expected—but it never materialized. The proceedings were instead chummy and perfunctory. Despite an earlier admonition from subcommittee chairman Rep. Bill Hughes (D.-New Jersey) that it was "time for Congress to take a close look at the operation of DEA and the direction of our national law enforcement policies regarding drug abuse," not a single committee member asked a difficult—or even informed—question. Queries like "What can you tell us about the heroin problem, Mr. Bensinger?" set the standard. There was seldom a significant follow-up question, and much "appreciation" exchanged between congressmen and administration for all the "candor," "concern," "information" and "interest" that everyone had been showing everyone else.

After a couple of hours of this, Representative Hughes enthusiastically praised the assembled for "an excellent first hearing" and adjourned it. What had so pleased him was not obvious. But then no one had taken a reeking, mucous dump on the congressional carpet; no bystander had suddenly risen from his seat to scream, "Cosmic hypocrites!" and spray the room with buckshot; and no elected representative of the pot-smoking public had hauled Bensinger up by his tasteful tie and told him to take his narc thugs and get the fuck out of the public trough. Maybe that was what Hughes meant.

Afterward, spectators from NORML,

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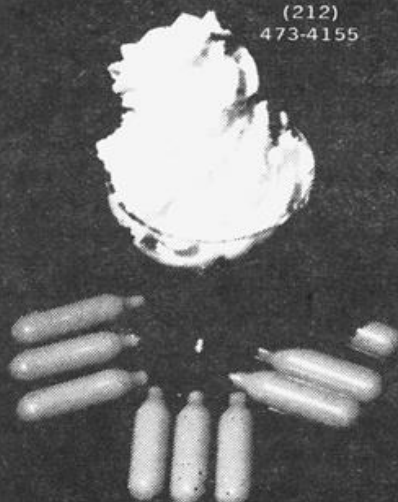
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H.T. 7



who had expected to see the DEA in hotter water, rose from their seats and drowsily proclaimed it a run-of-the-mill congressional charade. Bensinger, they said, was the consummate political bureaucrat who always did the necessary lobbying; he had simply managed to sedate one more group of potential inquisitors. But the explanation seemed incomplete: After all, signs that the DEA was in trouble had been numerous and unsubtle, and these congressmen hadn't uttered so much as a peep of skepticism about the DEA's legitimacy or overall performance.

The opening statement Bensinger had read to the committee did offer some clues to what had gone on behind the scenes to prepare the morning's nonevent. He had emphasized cooperation with other agencies in the "federal enforcement community," referring to recent meetings "with FBI director Webster and IRS commissioner Egger to discuss the ever apparent need for increased commitments from each of their services to the domestic narcotics control effort." He also foresaw a "strong emphasis on interagency investigations with the Customs Service" and the Coast Guard, though he made no mention of meetings with these agencies.

It was surprising indeed that Bensinger could make any claim at all to a cooperative relationship with Customs. It was widely rumored only a few months earlier that Customs heavies were pulling strings in congressional backrooms in an effort to take over the DEA's bailiwick. In the course of the hearing, Representative Hughes did say the committee planned to monitor the DEA's "interface with other agencies," but the issue was never explored. It was obvious some settlement of differences had been negotiated offstage.

Bensinger was at his humble and respectful best throughout the hearing, performing for all the world like a scoutmaster explaining to a PTA group why they should contribute to a summer camp project. He kept congratulating the legislators for their "very good questions," and responded to every committee member's suggestion, no matter how offhanded, as if he would instantly scuttle back to his office and issue memos making it agency policy.

As for money matters, he explained that Atty. Gen. William French Smith had personally interceded with the Reagan White House on behalf of the DEA and had managed to restore all but a few million dollars of what had been cut initially from the agency's budget request. He agreed with committee members that, with DEA boosting the priority of confiscating assets of people they were busting, the agency could make up the difference with seized wealth. Bensinger pointed out that confiscations of cash and auctionable goods in fiscal year '80 had dumped \$33 million into the U.S. Treasury. At that rate, some of the panelists felt, the DEA could become almost self-supporting. Any reasonable law-enforcement administrator would have balked at the notion of turning his agency into a gang of ruthless pirates (which some observers feel the DEA



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already is), but Bensinger actually seemed to like the idea. Whatever he had done to turn this "close look" at the DEA into a pre-lunch chat, he wasn't about to blow it by publicly doubting the wisdom of the men who would vote on his funding.

In short, while Bensinger walked on eggs, he was also walking on water. He had somehow rescued his agency from the brink of oblivion and ducked the budget ax so that the DEA received only a new-wave haircut instead of a scalping. The head of perhaps the most disrespected agency in the federal government was announcing "further enhancement of co-operative endeavors" for "these austere times," and not a soul was saying any of those bad things about the DEA anymore.

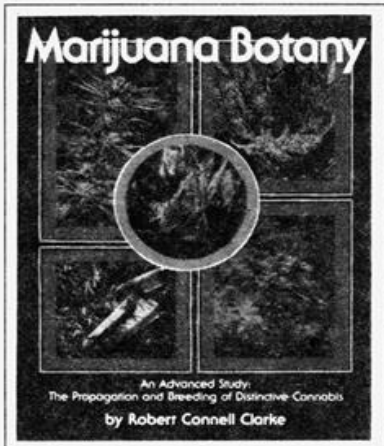
Some of this may have been accomplished through Bensinger's well-known diplomatic acumen and political infighting karate, but there had to be something more, something that panel of smiling and nodding congressmen knew and we didn't. Less than two hours later, at a well-orchestrated press conference, Bensinger exposed the DEA's secret weapon in silencing its critics.

Operation Grouper: ostensibly the most successful DEA undercover operation ever — 22 indictments involving 155 people; 14 different "trafficking organizations" cracked, 1.2 million pounds of pot seized. A mind-boggler. And William French Smith himself stood at the podium (you remember it was Smith who personally interceded to get DEA funds restored) introducing the man of the hour, Peter B. Bensinger. Mr. B. took the microphone with all the blustery pride of a Paris Island drill sergeant who's just learned his platoon had the best record in the boot-camp graduating class.

The event was hardly spontaneous: The Justice Department was represented by a gaggle of assistant A.G.'s in addition to Smith, and Bensinger was backed up by virtually the entire top echelon of the DEA. The Coast Guard was also represented. Now, you don't get into that many leather-bound appointment books without a few days' advance notice, and you don't get a congressional hearing to adjourn at just the right moment for you to catch lunch at the Iron Gate Inn and still make your press conference without first doing some groundwork.

That means, of course, that each member of the Subcommittee on Crime had been thoroughly briefed on Operation Grouper in the days or weeks before the hearing. So had William French Smith. And it wouldn't be unreasonable to hypothesize that the august attorney general sat down knee to knee with the president of the United States and told him this very compelling story of a group of federal marijuana off-loaders who were risking their very lives to bring down 155 of the biggest narcotics heavies in the United States — and what's a few million bucks more or less to have those adventurers out there proving men still have hair on their asses? What do you think, Mr. President? Couldn't we reconsider the extent of these reductions?

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MARKET OFF; CRASH LOOMS

IS THE BOTTOM FALLING OUT OF THE MARIJUANA MARKET? WHAT with prices suddenly plunging and long-standing syndicates wiped out overnight, buyers, sellers, investors and even lawmen are wondering if the pot market is edging toward a collapse. It's a pessimistic point of view—not unusual for commodities traders, but unsettling nonetheless.

Actually, it's an old story. A similar situation occurred in the late '60s when the ease of smuggling pot from Mexico and the number of people doing it drove prices down. "Ki's of Michoacán were down to \$125 in 1967," recalled one veteran New York City dealer. "It caused the bottom to fall out of the market by 1969. Nobody could unload. Eventually nobody wanted

will have a good year and drive the prices back up.

New York, New York... an island in the Atlantic, so some say, and dealers and smugglers in the environs are sleeping with one tap scanner open following the news that big cheeses in the DEA here had been ousted for small sackings. Dope merchants fear this may augur a few publicity busts, always the worst kind since the glare of the media precludes any favorable deals with the D.A. Just ask Abbie Hoffman... Out at Kennedy Airport they're calling man's best friend a snitch. The police pooch, for the last couple of years a laughing stock among hash smugglers who used the commercial airlines with impunity, has finally scored, rousting 220 pounds of Nigerian smoke and putting the bite on two long-faced importers. Suitcase stashers are eyeing the situation warily.

You are what you smoke... and so the organic cultists out west—where else?—have come up with a safe method of manufacturing freebase cocaine. The process involves baking soda, water, a few test tubes and a lab burner—no explosive chemicals, like those that allegedly fried Richard Pryor. The organic freebase is a little bulkier than its chemically wrought cousin but packs the same wallop and is infinitely easier to produce at home.

Get it right: Hash purists in the trade are pointing out a common misnomer: A good deal of hash variously labeled as Pakistani or Afghani is in fact from a small border area called Citrali—under no particular jurisdiction. Its inhabitants produce a black, pliable, pungent and potent smokable that is currently making the rounds at around \$1,800 a pound and up. A close competitor for the fabled and infrequently available Nepalese strains and priced at hundreds less, it is being hailed as one of the hash buys of the year.

Ashes: Is it true Brazilian buds will soon find their way to the marketplace? Travelers say the fume from the northern reaches of that country is right up there with the best, and entrepreneurs are casing the connection... Another in the series of art acid printing: Snoopy blotters... European dope dicks are rousting wheelmen after putting the bite on a touring biker with pounds of hash stuffed in his tubes... Regional cooks in Wisconsin are trying to brew up a batch of "marijuana pickles"... Some pot buyers are complaining about high packaging costs, citing the extra yard they have to pay for the fancy blue plastic travel bags that Colombian pot is sometimes shipped in.

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

to deal pot: They couldn't make money off it."

The Great Pot Drought of 1969, immortalized by Freak Brothers cartoonist Gilbert Shelton in a poster, may have its parallel in the summer and fall of 1981. Market forecasters note these ominous signs:

- After remaining virtually stable for six years, prices on Colombian and Mexican pot have begun to creep downward. In fact, during the peak of the market glut early this summer, there was a momentary crash in the Miami-New York region when megatonnage suddenly piled up in south Florida. Dealers hit the sales road, dropping their prices and extending the longest credit lines since 1977. Dealers who had bought short on commercial grades were especially hard hit. This despite spectacular busts by fuzz last season, probably totaling over 3 million pounds in the Southeast alone once the stats are in.

- Exotics are off, too. After peaking out at around \$3,000 a pound in 1977-78, Hawaiians and top-notch domestic sines are now around \$2,400. Mid-range exotics—Thai, choice-grade sines and the like—once routinely selling at over \$2,000, are now generally below that figure. And the volume of domestic pot grows geometrically each year.

- Political climates are shifting in exporting countries. After a brief show of cleaning out the pool hall, Colombian officials have returned to normal and pot is once again catapulting out of the country. Despite some setbacks in Jamaica, there are still strong prolegalization forces at work. The climate is right for smugglers.

- Commercial Colombian pot is down to \$200 a pound and it can't go lower without putting a lot of small distributors out of business. Some are even hoping the cops

TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

AUSTRALIA

Queensland "border" sticks	homegrown king	one	12-16
Mullumbimby madness	range reefer	oz	900
Colombian pot	hardly any	lb	5-25
Thai sticks	super but sparse	oz	40-100
Compressed Thai	off and on	lb	75-225
Putty hash	Lebanese	oz	800-1200
Nepalese fingers	Frankenstein	lb	15-20
Indian hash oil	critic's choice	oz	1000-1200
Mushrooms	champagne of oils	lb	160-200
LSD	wild	oz	1100-1600
Mandrax	Korean "tiles"	oz	210-250
Cocaine	Sat. nite special	lb	2800-3000
	even in cowboy country	oz	250-400
		gm	3000-4500
		oz	20-45
		oz	420-620
		oz	50-75
		one	5-7
		100	300-500
		one	3-6
		100	150-400
		gm	140-175
		oz	3000-3200

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	leafy but tasty	oz	55-75
Gold and red Colombian	gone faster than a speeding bullet	lb	600-800
Hawaiian buds	aloha	lb	100-150
Mexican tops	a few in season	lb	1000-1200
California sinsemilla	available to many	oz	325-350
Homegrown pot	mild	lb	2800-3600
Hash	headscratcher	oz	50-85
LSD	red and blond Leb	lb	450-650
Mandrax	your choice	oz	200-275
Cocaine	Brian Jones's favorite	lb	2000-2600
	look out for Bigfoot	oz	10-15
		one	50-200
		100	140-175
		one	1900-2500
		100	4-10
		one	200-450
		100	3-6
		100	275-450
		gm	110-160
		oz	1850-2500

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds, reds	slacking up	oz	10-15
Commercial domestic	buy the plantation	lb	60-100
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	2-5
Hash oil	a lost cause	lb	30-80
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	8-25
Cocaine	lots of lines	lb	100-225
		oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
		oz	40-75
		oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	kilo	1250-3750
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	free to \$10
Lebanese hash	problems solved	oz	50-100
Black Afghani hash	top banana	kilo	1000-2000
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	60-120
Cocaine	brisk market	oz	1200-2200
		oz	100-135
		oz	100-150
		gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	lb	60-100
Sierra buds	passable	oz	15-25
Esmeraldas swamp grass	the worst	lb	200
Cocaine base	lots	lb	6-10
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	oz	70-100
LSD	traded for blow	lb	2-4
		oz	40-60
		gr	negotiable
		one	25-40
		one	5

ENGLAND

African grass	dedicated potheads only	oz	90-100
Colombian grass	down to a trickle	lb	750-1000
Kashmir twist sticks	small but good	oz	100-175
Thai sticks	great, rare	lb	850-1200
Homegrown	shaping up as record year	one	10
Jamaican pot	lots on the reggae circuit	oz	110-130
		one	15-25
		oz	free to 50
		lb	100-350
		oz	100-125
		lb	800-1050

Black Kashmir hash	high tide	oz	100-150
Moroccan hash	cheaper than ever	oz	60-85
Paki black hash	extraordinaire	lb	750-1000
Nepal temple ball hash	world's finest	oz	100-125
Hash oil	palpable, palatable	lb	1100-1250
LSD	considerable of late	oz	150-200
Cocaine	scarce but there	lb	1750-2000
Mandrax	limey ludes	gm	20-30
		one	475-525
		one	7-10
		100	500-700
		gm	135-180
		oz	270
		one	3-6

FRANCE

African pot	dominates weed market	gr	2.50-3
Colombian pot	extremely rare	oz	65-80
Moroccan hash	several flavors	oz	75-100
Lebanese hash	fresh and fragrant	gr	6-8
Lebanese kif	known as "zero-zero"	oz	90-110
LSD	pyramids, red stars, dots, blots	gr	8-12
Speed	hot on the punk scene	oz	100-125
Cocaine	and long Parisian nights	gr	10
		one	4-7
		one	4-6
		gr	125-200

JAPAN

Colombian pot	scarce, feeble	oz	120-300
Philippine pot	expanding market	lb	1200-1600
Homegrown	around, not bad	oz	45-50
Thai sticks	fresh and pungent	oz	500-600
Buddha sticks	rarity, superb	lb	90-120
Hokkaido sticks	handsome but dumb	oz	900-1200
Philippine hash	superstar	one	40-75
Lebanese hash	they love it here	oz	400-750
LSD	British imports	one	40-60
Mushrooms	greenhouse excellent	oz	115-125
Opium	questionable advanced	gr	25-40
Cocaine	Japanese model	oz	300-375
Speed		oz	50
		one	10-20
		oz	50
		gr	25-50
		gr	80-150
		gr	75-85

MEXICO

Oaxacan tops	by the Bronco-full	oz	7-12
Mexican sinsemilla	much pollinated	lb	60-120
Acapulco gold	ay caramba	oz	5-10
Guerrero gold	muchos pesos when around	lb	50-80
Cocaine	don't be a chump	oz	10-20
Opium	searching for a market	lb	50-100
		gm	65-125
		oz	30-50
		oz	400-700
		oz	50-100
		lb	400-600

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Buffalo, N.Y.	black Afghani hash (Citrali), primo but \$	gr	15
Philadelphia	Tudes, factory ripped	oz	175
Red Lodge, Mont.	Santa Marta gold, scattered	one	5
Tulsa	3-finger Mexican lids	oz	50
Eagle River, Wisc.	white cross, zippy	lb	525
San Francisco	'mersh 'Lombo	oz	25
Los Angeles	pink flake, 60%	lb	200
Austin, Tex.	blue meanie mushrooms, dried	one	.50
Miami	'mersh bales, 115 lb average	oz	35
Atlanta	Thai sticks, up there	lb	40
		oz	350
		gr	115
		oz	2400
		hit	15
		oz	170
		one	18,000
		oz	150
		lb	1650

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	in the ground	NA	
Commercial Mexican	trucker's special	oz	10-40
Top-grade Mexican	Where have all these flowers gone?	lb	100-435
		oz	50-75
		lb	475-650

Mexican sinsemilla	over the next hill	oz	55-65
Jamaican	on the skids	lb	500-600
Jamaican sinsemilla	pretty respectable	oz	35-45
Commercial Colombian	biggest glut in years	lb	375-450
Connoisseur Colombian	an excellent year, but late	lb	70-100
Thai sticks	needless packaging costs	oz	700-1000
Loose Thai	foot-long buds	lb	35-45
Various Africans	so what?	oz	250-350
Hawaiian	price downswing	lb	40-55
Moroccan hash	excellent head this season	oz	440-550
Citrali hash	fresh as a flower	lb	15-35
Lebanese hash	ubiquitous	oz	180-225
Black Afghani hash	watch for imposters	oz	170-200
Nepalese fingers	gummy	lb	1200-1800
Paki hash	bits and pieces	oz	40-55
Hash oils	out of favor with buyers	gm	425-550
Psilocybin mushrooms, dried	huge winter stock	oz	125-225
Peyote	tough to come by right now	lb	1800-2400
LSD	lots of blots	one	90-125
Cocaine	on the way up	100	1100-1750
Methaqualone	some real bulldozers	oz	175
Crosses and black beauts	resurgence	100	1825-2200
Alaska	prices more in line of late	oz	100-130
Commercial Colombian	greenhouse variety okay	lb	900-1450
Domestic weed	surfaces occasionally	oz	150-200
Mexican weed	B-grade here; A-1 there	lb	1700-2500
Mainland sinsemilla	big mover	gm	150
Lebanese hash	not much	oz	1350-1800
Cocaine		gm	35-65
		oz	500-1000
		oz	125-175

Hawaii			
Puna buds	overrated, overpriced	oz	150-200
Kona gold	some real, some ?	lb	1500-1950
Mauna Loa	short supply	oz	150-200
Maui wowie	barter for best price	lb	1500-1750
LSD	dots and blots for cheap	one	125-200
Mushrooms	not a big mover	oz	1600-2200
Cocaine	speedy relief	gm	2-4
Amphetamines		oz	free
		one	75-125
		one	1800-2500
		one	2

WEST GERMANY

Thai weed	4-inch sticks	one	10-20
Colombian pot	U.S. air express	oz	250-350
Moroccan hash	green slabs	oz	200
Lebanese hash	red and yellow	lb	1750-2500
Afghani hash	popular best-seller	gm	5-8
Manali hash (India)	gold-medal winner	oz	125-150
LSD	always around	lb	7-12
		kilo	2800-3200
		gm	6
		kilo	4000
		5 gm	7
		kilo	5000-5500
		one	7-10
		100	125-150

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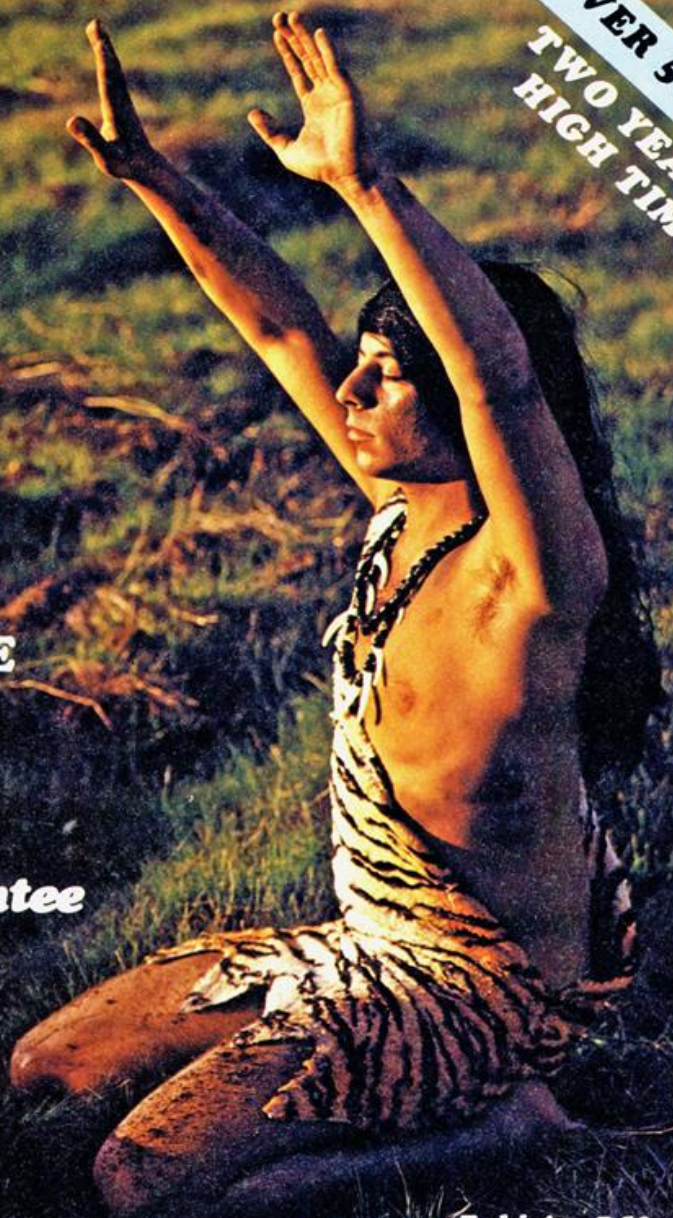




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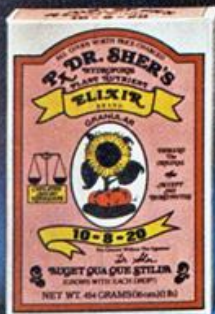
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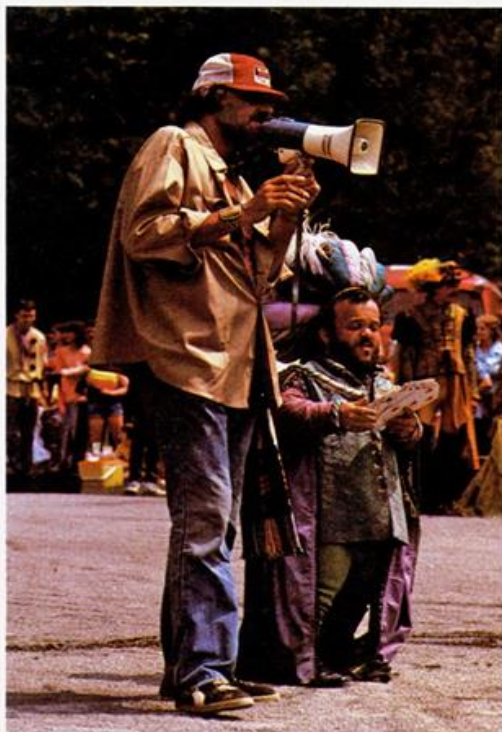
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Interview:

George Romero

In the World of Movies, we are in the Age of Horror. The Age of Homicidal Mania. The age of psychos, ghouls, vampires, werewolves and demons of every description. Theater lobbies across America blazon



the murderous antics of these fiends. Audiences cram the aisles as nubile young heroines are clawed apart before their very eyes. Sociological critics view with alarm, and hucksters and entrepreneurs rake in multimillion-dollar grosses. A tidal wave of blood drips—no, pours!—from the movie screens of America, a Red Sea that shows no signs of parting. And who, in the midst of this carnage, is the champ of the charnel house? Who is the prime culprit, the reigning contemporary Master of Movie Horror?

Set up a special election, and here is how it might split up: Roman Polanski (Repulsion) and Brian De Palma (Dressed to Kill) slugging it out for first place. John Carpenter (Halloween) and Larry Cohen (It's Alive) with a late, strong sprinkle of support. David Lynch (Eraserhead) capturing the esoteric bloc; and a minor punk rebellion seething around Tobe Hooper (The Texas Chain Saw Massacre). A few more scattered ballots, stray screams in the night... and one other name, whose owner might, in fact—as the shadowiest of dark horses—wind up in the top coffin with the undisputed title of Godfather of Gore, Sultan of Slaughter, and King of the Skull-Strewn Hill. The name: George Romero.

Romero, of course, is best known for the "Dead" series—a series of movies (two so far, with more to come) that project the following landscape: a contemporary America where radiation-drenched corpses rise up from their graves and wander around, eating everyone they can get their rotting fingers on. In 1968, on the proverbial shoestring, Romero and some Pittsburgh buddies slapped together the first of the series, Night of the Living Dead, and proceeded to scare the daylights out of every drive-in-shocker devotee from here to Hong Kong. Consider this plot—this nightmare, rather: You're trapped in a farmhouse. Night is falling. Outside, the ghouls are on the prowl. Hundreds of them. Dead, gray, determined, famished zombies. Rotting corpses, twitching with depraved hunger, thrusting their decayed, groping hands through the windows, grabbing your living companions and devouring

them. Drooling excitedly, gorging down the bloody chunks, licking the bones, and coming back for more. And their victims, the half-eaten fresh corpses, now enlisted in the zombie army, coming back with them! You have one hope of living

through the night: Lock the doors! Nail the windows! Hide! Cower in the attic! And pray—pray!—that the authorities will find you. Authorities who, unfortunately for you, turn out to be a local pack of trigger-happy redneck fascists, killing and burning everyone in sight—zombie and human.

That's Night of the Living Dead. No Little Mary Sunshine. But the second film, Dawn of

**by Mike Wilmington
and Barry Brown**



Le Morte d'Arthur on motorcycles; jousters and their "steeds" on location for George Romero's *Knightriders*.

the *Dead*—which the MPAA refused even to rate—escalates even further. The ghouls are taking over the country. Rampaging unchecked. A last pitiful pocket of humans holes up in an abandoned shopping mall—with hordes of ghouls trying to flail and hammer their way in. Then—a rumble on the horizon! Is help on the way? No, by God. With savage whoops and hiccuping, exploding exhausts, a scurvy mob of deranged, filthy, psychopathic motorcyclists smashes its way in and starts an insane, three-cornered battle—knifing and strangling the zombies, as they sink festering fangs into the bikers' syphilitic, smack-punctured flesh.

In 20 misspent years, I have never seen anything as violent as *Dawn of the Dead*. Everywhere you look, another corpse. The effect is numbing, cauterizing. A sane audience generally winds up reeling back in astonishment... and then laughing uproariously.

What kind of man dreams up stuff like this? George Romero grew up in the Bronx (and like Hitchcock, Buñuel and De Palma, he had a Catholic upbringing), broke into Pittsburgh

TV, and made the first "*Dead*" movie on a wing and a prayer (or, rather, a curse). There followed ten years of low-budget follow-ups (including his best movie—a brilliant updating of the vampire legend—called *Martin*). Then came the second "*Dead*" movie and a worldwide \$40-million gross. And, as they say in the industry, clout.

But Romero, as you'll soon see, is something of a maverick. He hasn't left Pittsburgh—yet. He works with a tight-knit crew that follows him from film to film. And his current movie, *Knightriders*, is something of a paean to the independent spirit, to the dreams of community that many think died in the late '60s—as well as to the vanished Arthurian ideals of knightly chivalry, courtly love and gallantry in combat. The rather original concept: a traveling band of stunt motorcyclists who go from town to town, re-creating the pageantry and pomp of a medieval tournament—with the twist being that the "knights" joust on Harley Davidsons instead of prancing steeds. *Knightriders* is not a bloody film—although the patented, sock-in-the-eye

Romero action is still there: the quick cutting, the thrills, the irreverent satire. It's a wistful movie—wistful in the way that *Martin* was wistful. Beneath Romero's dark pessimism and mad cathartic humor—and his rather affable and funny persona—there seems to be a quieter guy, someone musing with a touch of regret on the devastation all around him and the coming apocalypse.

As to whether he is the Modern King of Horror—and not Polanski or De Palma or Lynch—well, who cares? In a field that crowded, no one is likely to assume Alfred Hitchcock's old mantle for a long time to come.

But Romero does have one edge: His current script collaborator—and close friend—is the novelist Stephen King, author of *Carrie*, *The Shining*, and *The Dead Zone*, and a shriekmeister in the class of Robert Bloch or the young Ray Bradbury. King has written books that can give you the cold shakes just remembering them—but will he and Romero succeed in reducing movie-viewing America to shivering shock and howling catatonia? "George and



HANGIN OUT

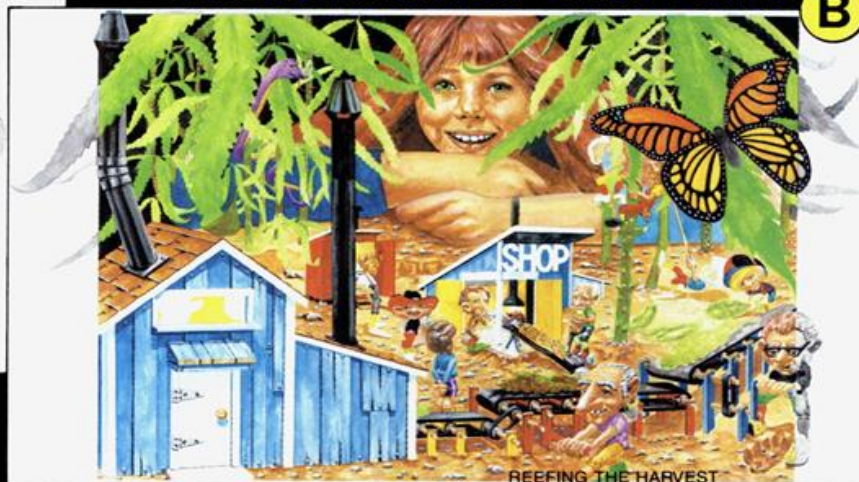
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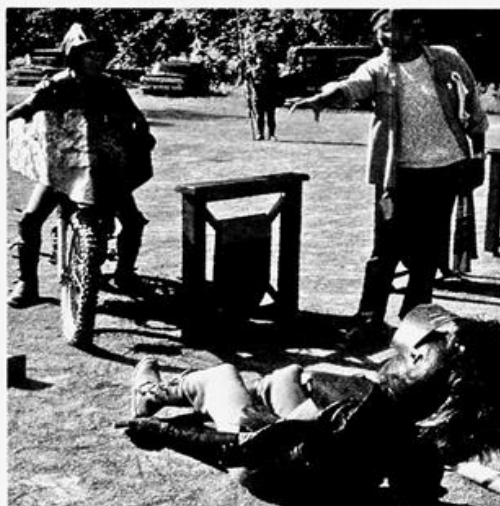
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"We couldn't sell the idea. And I said, 'Well, I'll put the knights on motorcycles and I'll give you some rock 'n' roll.' And they said, 'Now you're talking!'"



Romero sets up a shot with Ed Harris and Amy Ingersoll, while the crew snickers and a flying biker assaults Middle America.



I want to see if it's possible to scare people. Big-time fear!" cackles King. And his affable, grinning cohort adds: "We're just having a good time, man!" Here, now, is the man behind the blood-stained mask...

HIGH TIMES: Listen—how did a guy from Pittsburgh—making commercials for Pittsburgh TV—manage to crack big-time filmmaking and distribution?

ROMERO: Well, in that sense, we haven't really cracked the system. We've never distributed our own films. We now have gotten the rights back on a couple of them: on *Night of the Living Dead* and on *The Crazies*.

HIGH TIMES: Who got most of the money from *Night of the Living Dead*?

ROMERO: The distributor. It returned money. Had I known then what I know now, I probably would have just sued for the rights back, 'cause it did return money. It returned a substantial amount—around six, seven thousand dollars in its first year.

HIGH TIMES: Is it still returning money?

ROMERO: It should have been. It should have been, for eleven years now. But it stopped after that first break when it went out and played Middle America, and returned money. It just stopped.

HIGH TIMES: But it's still being played continuously on college campuses all over the country.

ROMERO: A lot of it's pirate copies: sixteen-millimeter distributors who don't really have

a contract with anybody to show the film. There are a lot of negatives out on that film. I mean, you can buy it in Whelan's drugstore. There was a copyright dispute that came up—which was really a problem on Walter Reade's part. We did not design or put the credits on the film; they did, and they didn't put a copyright on it. And I mean—we were a bunch of guys in Pittsburgh that made a movie; and we had filed a literary copyright on the screenplay. But that didn't protect the film itself.

But that's not the point. That was a learning experience for all of us. And it's like there's nothing really that we can do about it now. I really don't care in a certain sense.

HIGH TIMES: You really got screwed. But, tell me, considering what a financial gold mine—for somebody—*Night of the Living Dead* turned into, how were you able to put it together, on such meager resources, in the first place?

ROMERO: We did it on energy, man. I mean, that's what it's about. I had written a short story—which was actually a trilogy. And we had tried to raise money to do a couple of other features—we took inspiration from *David and Lisa*—and couldn't raise it. And so ten of us got together and kicked in six hundred bucks apiece, and bought a case of film—and then rented the farmhouse and started to shoot it. We had a production company in Pittsburgh making commercials for eight years before we made the film. And so we had the equipment. We had our own cameras and our own dubbers, and sound, and the stage—and the whole banana.

So then, after we spent the money, we had some rushes. And we showed the rushes, and people said, "Hey! It looks like a movie." And they came up with more and more money, and then we started selling investments in the film.

HIGH TIMES: That's almost the classic strategy for crashing the industry—the strategy of *Texas Chain Saw Massacre* or *Halloween* or *Friday the 13th*: Make a low-budget horror movie, and hope for the big grosses. Did you have anything like that in mind—or was this just something you thought would be fun?

ROMERO: Yeah, it's something we thought would be fun. And, sure, I mean, we thought, "This is a lot safer, because it's a horror film." In those days there were fifteen horror films; every year they played at the drive-ins. The small distributors, East Coast distributors, were fairly effective then. Now, it's a lot tougher, in terms of distributing.

HIGH TIMES: What kind of sources were feeding in to you when you first dreamed up *Night of the Living Dead*?

ROMERO: The biggest single factor, I think, was a book by Richard Matheson called *I Am Legend*. And also, you know, just—1968. You know—everything that was going on. *Night of the Living Dead* is still basically a nit-titty-gritty scare movie, with some yucks. And a bit more fun and bawdiness.

HIGH TIMES: What about *Knightriders*?

What excited you most about doing it?

ROMERO: Well, it's a microcosm of society, really. I mean, on an allegorical level, I guess it asks the question: Can you—can you King Billy—survive? Is that kind of idealism doomed forevermore? I mean, I don't think it is—but I think that we've got to find a new way to express it... You know, to me, it's a very '60s kind of film. I think it's probably been brewing around since then.

I suppose somewhere beneath it all, the bottom line on *Knightriders* is that I had wanted to make a movie about knights since I was a kid. And I finally found a way to do it, that I felt would be meaningful now. 'Cause I think we don't have any myths or heroes anymore—and we're not really doing a lot to create them.

HIGH TIMES: You started out wanting to do a bona fide King Arthur movie?

ROMERO: I wanted to do a "spaghetti knightman." At first, it was very different, completely different—in fact, the exact opposite of what I wound up doing. I was talking to the people at AIP, and we couldn't sell the idea at all. And I said, "Well, I'll put the knights on motorcycles and I'll give you some rock 'n' roll."

HIGH TIMES: They didn't like that either?

ROMERO: Well, I said it facetiously... And they said, "Now you're talking!" I thought about that for a while—but it really didn't come together until I started to become aware of the interest in sword and sorcery, and those renaissance fairs that actually do go on...

HIGH TIMES: One thing I really liked about it, and that I thought was quite different, was the idea of gallantry or chivalry in combat. Even the Black Knight.

ROMERO: Yeah. He's not the Black Knight as he might be borrowed from real Arthurian stories. He represents an average guy. To me, he makes the most sense in the film—until you really start getting behind Billy.

HIGH TIMES: Well, he's a lot easier to connect with, simply because Billy seems so...

ROMERO: He's in rarefied air. I mean, he's in rarefied air from the moment he wakes up. In the very beginning of the film.

HIGH TIMES: In the early part of the film, King Billy seems almost slightly crazy. For example, in the scene where he's quarreling about the show with the lawyer and the bag man and they raise arguments against his idealism that you can't strike down.

ROMERO: Who strikes them down? Who does strike them down? I mean—the problem is that those arguments are reasonable, and they make a lot of sense, and those are... That's us, those guys. And that's why I say Billy is in rarefied air. Because there's no physical way to survive doing that, being idealistic, unless you want to hit the beach and just go somewhere... or go to Tibet.

HIGH TIMES: Are your sympathies primarily with Billy—or are they divided among him and the more pragmatic characters?

ROMERO: Divided. Oh yeah, I think they're divided. I mean—I'm just pointing out through Billy, I think, that you can't operate

"The distribution mechanism is fucked up. You're not going to cut through the white noise unless you've got a \$6-million advertising campaign."



Brother Blue, the legendary street "scatman" of Cambridge, Massachusetts, as the movie's Merlin; Cynthia Adler as Rocky, the master bikefighter.

on that plane, and interface with what's going on in the world. You can try—and those people come back and try and they'll keep trying. But there's a state of compromise throughout the whole thing.

CHRIS FORREST: [Christine Forrest, actress and assistant on Romero's last three films, accompanied him to the interview—Ed.] It's showing people that have faith in each other—and respect one's fellow man—which I think is a quite religious occurrence.

HIGH TIMES: A friend of mine was mentioning that, in your films, you go out of your way to have positive role models for gays, blacks and women—and to show working-class people and alternative lifestyles with sympathy. And he said if the

left-wing critics ever get rid of their negative fixations on sex and violence and get ahold of Romero, they'll have a field day. Because here are all these elements in his films, and they play to huge audiences. But, you know...

ROMERO: Yeah... Well, with me, it's a big "Why not?" I mean, that's about all I can say.

HIGH TIMES: Well, to get more pragmatic for a second: The action sequences—the motorcycle jousts themselves—are really impressive. Can you say something about those scenes, about the logistics involved?

ROMERO: It was bananas. The continuity and the logistics were really tough. It was tough. I mean, I wrote the script, and I'm not a motorcycle rider, and I don't know... You

"I'm optimistic. I'm confident that I'll manage to somehow get to Australia before it blows up here."



"We don't have any myths or heroes anymore": Gary Lahti as an easy-riding Lancelot.

know, I've always been a little bit romanced by bikes, but I've never owned a bike, and I've sure never ridden one. And I wrote a lot of that stuff not even being sure whether it could be done. And we really had a great stunt team; that's where it came from. We sat down for a long time before production, and we drew little maps of the battlefield and figured everything out. And then we brought in a steady cam, and we brought in a lot of image stabilizers, and all kinds of things—and threw them all away. And we just went with the instinctive seat-of-the-pants shooting of the stuff the guys were doing. I just went back to the same old techniques that I've always used, and it

worked out best.

HIGH TIMES: You were sort of rough on the audience at the tournaments. When you show them, you tend to focus on the slobs. Like the guy who says it's all a fake, and the other guy who...

ROMERO: That's Steve King, by the way.

HIGH TIMES: That's Stephen King? The guy who... *That's Steve King?*

ROMERO: Yes, the guy who says it's all a fake.

HIGH TIMES: Jesus, he really looks... I thought he was some slob from Pittsburgh. He's practically drooling all over a hot dog or something. Now that I think of it, he *did* look a little like the pictures I've seen of

King... Anyway, you didn't seem to be showing the people in the audience who might be attracted to the values of the tournaments. You get a sense it's all being lost on them.

ROMERO: Yeah, I mean, I suppose that's just the choice... The point of it is that it *is* being lost on them, in those little towns. And the little town where they have their parade, you know, with "Free the Hostages" signs, and the American Legion Post—I mean, that town *existed*. Those people came out to see that parade; we didn't do anything. Like, it *happened*, man. I mean, we just showed up, and did the parade, and there they all were. We hired no extras.

HIGH TIMES: Some of the dialogue scenes in *Knightriders* have the feeling of being improv.

ROMERO: Some of them are.

HIGH TIMES: Improvs in what sense? During rehearsal or during shooting?

ROMERO: Improv during rehearsal—and some of them were improv during shooting. Not in the long scenes, or the set pieces. But we did a lot of it. I like to leave a lot of room for improv; and I like to leave a lot of room for the actors. I mean—we just talked about what we're trying to accomplish in the *whole*, rather than rehearsing specific scenes over and over and over. I like that kind of spontaneity. I sometimes won't even go look at a location until we're there with the actors.

HIGH TIMES: You've stayed in Pittsburgh—and it seems that, for a lot of independent filmmakers, staying outside of New York or L.A. means all the hassles of working with smaller budgets...

ROMERO: Let me say this. I don't *care* about small budget, large budget. I just would like to have enough money to make a film. I'll try to make a film on whatever money is available. What I'm shooting for is the proper amount of money. I'd love to be able to sit down with a script and budget it—and budget it reasonably. I didn't stay in Pittsburgh in order to keep working in the two-hundred-fifty-thousand-dollar range.

HIGH TIMES: Why *did* you stay in Pittsburgh?

ROMERO: There are a lot of things about it I like. There's a lot of beauty. But it's *real* eclectic. There are areas in that city that still have a real gutsy kind of work-ethic environment, and it's a real melting pot. There are areas where it really feels like a flashback, like a fifty-year flashback. In every little neighborhood you can still find a little bar where you can get a whole fish on a bun, and a mug of beer on the side.

HIGH TIMES: You saw *The Deer Hunter*?

ROMERO: Yeah. The art directors got off the plane, and said: "Oh, this isn't what we expected." So they moved on and shot somewhere else—in Ohio somewhere. But we have offices *here*. Our business offices are here. I like to come into New York, but I also like to get *out* of New York. I like not having the "state-of-the-art" influences on my back all the time. I mean, I *hate* going into a lab here, or a sound studio or whatever, and be forced into doing it "the way

we're doing it these days." You know—there's a *sameness*, which is like a nagging migraine headache about everything that's being done in American film. I think it grows out of this vast volume of material that's being made. And I just don't like it. We do all our own work. We just bought some new equipment: We have our own mix stage, do all our own sound effects—you know, the whole banana. I wouldn't want to job a film out—you know, send a film out to a sound-effects house while I was cutting it. To me, that's a very important part of the soundtrack. And if I can't do it, I just don't want it done.

HIGH TIMES: *Martin* is my personal favorite of all your films. How do you feel about it yourself?

ROMERO: I like it pretty much. It was my favorite film until *Knightriders*... I think *Martin*, in some ways, is my best work. It was a very personal film. I didn't have my tongue in my cheek, you know. I wasn't worried about the audience. I didn't care about anything. I just made the film.

HIGH TIMES: How did the idea start?

ROMERO: It started, again, sort of with a whim, almost as a practical joke. I just went off on this trip about... if a vampire existed today, he'd *really* have a hard time. He'd probably be working the street, you know, doing something to get by. He'd need a new I.D. every twenty years—and shit like that. Probably wouldn't be rich, and wouldn't have a castle to retreat to. And I started to just goof off on comedic things. I started by writing down a notebook full of ideas for a comedy. And then things started to connect. I saw some little films made by a young independent filmmaker in Pittsburgh. He'd made about seven films in Braddock, a little town where we shop. And they're real sort of nitty-gritty slice-of-life things: no narration, just sort of little portraits about the people in that town. And then I was reading a book called *Out of the Furnace*. It's a limited-edition book about the beginnings of the union movement in Pittsburgh, and the steel industry. And all those elements just sort of came together one night. I saw this sort of—this state of *collapse* that Braddock was in, and... then I got enamored with the idea of taking what, in fiction, had been an immortal character, and putting him in a very *mortal* world—making him much more mortal.

HIGH TIMES: In a funny way, it's like the collapse of values—or the *fight* for values—of *Knightriders*. Except that *Martin's* all by himself, basically.

ROMERO: Right.

HIGH TIMES: Do you watch other movies along the same lines? Not necessarily vampires...

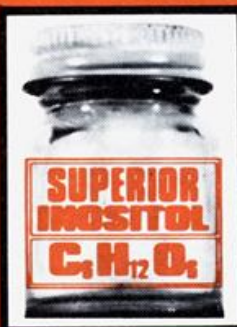
ROMERO: I do. I do, if I get the chance. I don't make a point of it; no. *Some* films I'll make a point to go see; but very few, anymore.

HIGH TIMES: What do you like to see when you *do* make the time?

ROMERO: Mostly genre things. Mostly genre
continued on page 72

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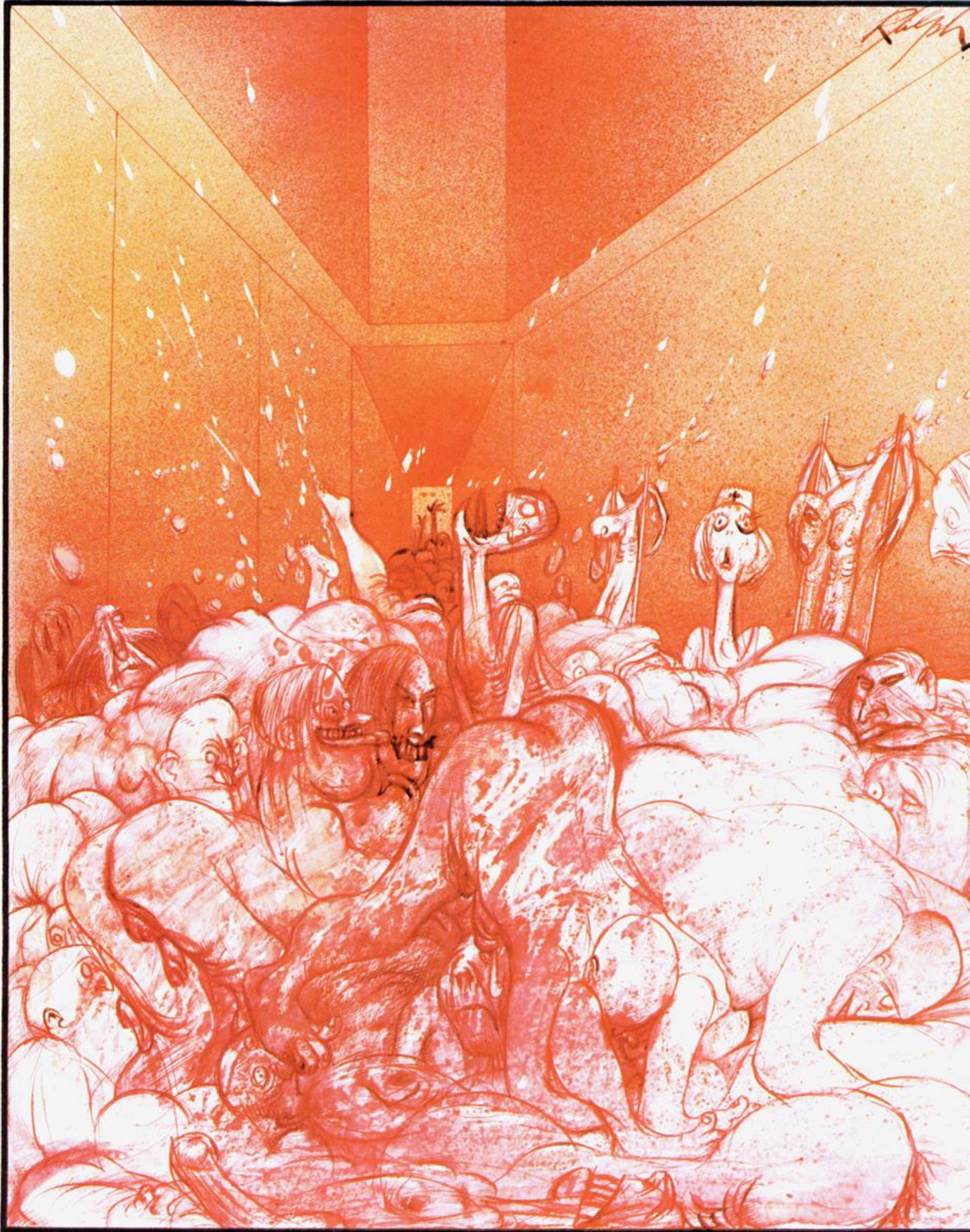
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AT THE HEART OF *CITIES OF THE RED NIGHT* LIES THE HISTORICAL FACT OF AN EARLY 18TH-CENTURY PIRATE COMMUNE ESTABLISHED ALONG THE LINES OF LIBERTY, FRATERNITY AND EQUALITY. BURROUGHS THEN FANTASIZES A CHANGE IN which, owing to the development of the exploding shell, the pirates successfully dislodge the Spanish from Central America and are gearing up for global liberation. Juxtaposed with this narrative is the chronicling of long dormant Virus B-23, active ingredient in a plague that originally decimated a prehistoric civilization in the Gobi Desert and that suddenly, for some inexplicable reason, has become reactivated.

CITIES OF THE RED NIGHT

BY WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS
ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH STEADMAN

THE DOCTOR IS ON THE MARKET

DOCTOR PIERSON WAS A DISCREET ADDICT WHO KEPT HIMSELF DOWN TO THREE SHOTS A DAY, HALF A GRAIN IN EACH SHOT—HE COULD ALWAYS COVER FOR THAT. TOWARDS THE END OF AN EIGHT-HOUR SHIFT he tended to be perfunctory, so when he got the call from emergency he hoped it wouldn't take long or keep him overtime. Of course he could always slip a half-grain under his tongue, but that was wasteful and he liked to be in bed when he took his shot, and feel it hit the back of his neck and move down the backs of his thighs while he blew cigarette smoke towards the ceiling. As he reached for his bag he noticed that he had barked his knuckles. He couldn't remember where or when—that happens, when you are feeling no pain.

"It looks like measles, Doctor."

The doctor looked at the boy's face with distaste. He disliked children, adolescents, and animals. The word *cute* did not exist in his emotional vocabulary. There were red blotches on the boy's face but they seemed rather large for measles. . . .

"Well, get it in here, Nurse, whatever it is. . . away from the other patients. Not that I care what they catch; it's just hospital procedure."

The boy was wheeled into a cubicle. His fingers cold with reluctance, the doctor folded the sheet down to the boy's waist and noticed that he was wearing no shorts.

"Why is he naked?" he snapped at the attendants.

"He was like that when they picked him up, Doctor."

"Well, they might have put something on him. . . ." He turned back to the attendants. "What are you standing there for? Get out! And you, Nurse, what are you gawking at? Order a bed in isolation."

His temper was always evil when he ran over like this, but right after a shot he could be nice in a dead, fishy way. The doctor turned back to the boy on the bed. His duty as a physician was clear—Hippocrates pointing sternly to the sheet. "Well, I suppose I have to look at the little naked beast." He folded the sheet down to the boy's knees. The boy had an erection. The genitals and the areas adjacent were bright red like a red bikini.

The doctor leaped back as he would from a striking snake, but he was too late. A gob of semen hit the back of his right hand on the skinned knuckles. He wiped it off with an exclamation of disgust. He recalled later that he felt a slight tingling sensation which he didn't notice at the time, being that disgusted with the human body—he wondered why he had chosen the medical profession. And this dirty child was delaying his fix. "You filthy little beast!" he snapped. The boy sniggered. The doctor pulled the sheet up to the boy's chin. *continued*

FROM THE BOOK *CITIES OF THE RED NIGHT* BY WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS, © 1981 BY WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS. REPRINTED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE PUBLISHER, HOLT, RINEHART & WINSTON.

He was washing his hands when the nurse came in with a stretcher table and an orderly to take the boy to isolation. The doctor sniffed. "My God, what's that smell?... I don't know what this is, Nurse, but it's rather disgusting. He seems to be in some state of sexual delirium. He also seems to be giving off a horrible odor. Order the broad spectrum... cortisone, of course—it may be an allergic condition red-haired animals are especially liable to—and the usual antibiotics.... If the sexual condition continues, do not hesitate to administer morphine." The doctor gasped and clasped a handkerchief in front of his mouth and nose. "Get it out of here!" (He always referred to a patient as "the disease.") "Do you have a typhoid bed in isolation?" he asked.

"Not now we don't."

"Well it can't stay here."

HE HAD barely settled in bed after his fix when the phone rang. It was the super. "Seems we have an epidemic on our hands, Pierson. All staff report back to the hospital immediately."

Could it be that dirty little boy? he thought as he dressed and picked up his satchel and walked to the hospital. He saw there was a police line around the entrance.

"Oh, yes, Doctor. Right over there for your mask."

"I'll help you put it on, Doctor." A brisk young girl in some sort of uniform rubbed her tits against him in a most offensive manner. And before she got the mask on, he smelled it and he knew: it was that dirty little boy.

Inside was a scene from Dante: stretchers side by side in the corridors, sperm all over the sheets, the walls and the floor.

"Be careful, Doctor." A garrulous old nurse caught his arm in time. "Just put one foot solidly in front of the other, Doctor, that's right.... It's terrible, Doctor, the older patients are dying like flies."

"I don't want to hear any generalities, Nurse... take me to my ward."

"Well, Doctor, you can take the northeast wing if you want—right here."

Every sort of copulation was going on in front of him, every disgusting thing they could think of. Some of them had pillowcases and towels wrapped around each other's necks in some kind of awful contest. As these crazed patients seemed in danger of strangulation (and here the doctor almost slipped in shit), he ordered attendants to restrain them, but no attendants were available. "We'll start with morphine and a curare derivative, Nurse."

"Sorry, Doctor, the morphine stocks are exhausted on the older patients. They go into the most awful spasms at the end, Doctor."

The doctor turned pale as death at this terrible pronouncement. He slumped to the floor in a faint, his face covered with red blotches. By the time they got his clothes off, his body was also affected, and spontaneous orgasms were observed.

DOCTOR PIERSON subsequently recovered, because of his addiction, and went to work for the pickle factory on a sensitive biological project.

WE ARE COORDINATED THE GUARD IS MANIFOLD

KELLEY, CLINCH TODD, HANS, AND MYSELF PROCEED NOW TO THE GARRISON TO REVIEW THE CAPTURED SOLDIERS. MASSIVE WALLS WITH four gun towers surround a courtyard along which living quarters are ranged. Hans and I, flanked by ten partisans carrying

razor-sharp machetes, step into the courtyard while Kelley, Todd, and Jon remain in the wardroom behind the bars.

"Tenshun!" They understand that in any language.

The soldiers shamle into a ragged line. Dirty, unshaven, frightened, they would seem to pose no threat. I walk slowly up and down, looking at each face in turn. A sorry lot for the most part, stupid and brutal, many of them showing the ravages of drink and disease. But two faces do stand out: a thin hawk-faced youth with piercing gray eyes who meets my regard steadily, and a pimply boy with red hair who gives me an ingratiating smile.

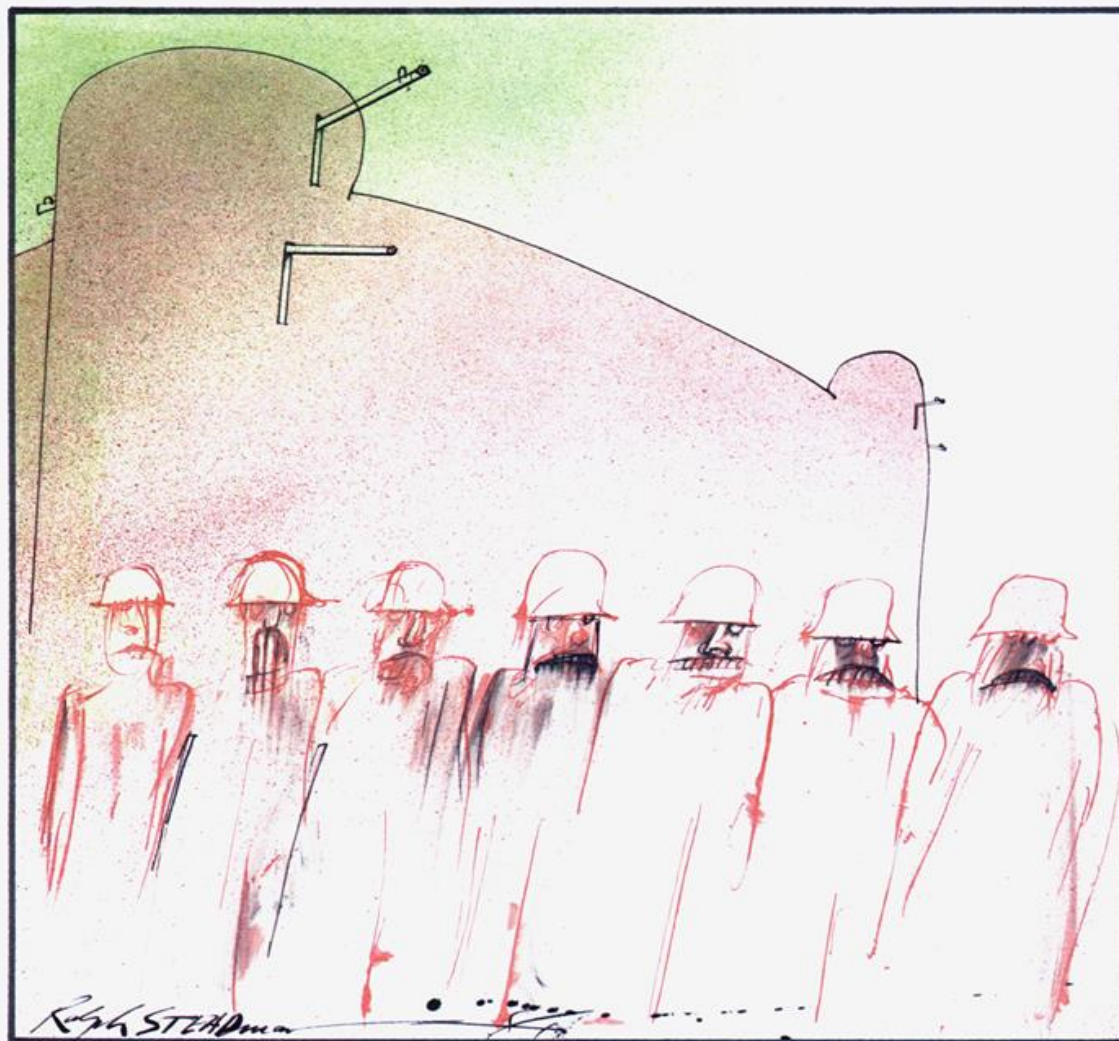
"How many of you can read?"

The hawk-faced youth and two others raise their hands. A fourth raises his hand halfway.

"Well, can you read or can't you?"

"Well, yes sir, but it takes me some time."

"You'll have plenty of that." I point to the Articles. "I want those of you who can read to read what is written there. I want you to read it carefully. Then I want you to explain what is written there



to those who can't read. Is that clear?"

The hawk-faced youth nods with a slight smile.

"I'll be back later to see if what is written there has been read and understood."

We then proceed to the house where the women are held, to be greeted by a chorus of shrewish complaints. No one will talk to them or tell them what had happened to their sons, husbands, and brothers. They have been denied medical attention and prevented from going to Mass.

I apologize smoothly for the temporary inconvenience and assure them that their husbands, sons, and brothers are safe and being well cared for. I tell them that I am a qualified physician, and that if any of them are suffering from any pains or illnesses I will be glad to receive them one by one in a room I have set up as my office. I have also brought a priest who will hear confession, grant absolutions, or perform any other priestly offices of which they are in need. The "priest" is none other than Half-Hanged Kelley, his hemp marks covered by a clerical collar.

One by one, they troop into my office complaining of headaches, backaches, toothaches, chills and fever, shingles, flatulence, cramps, palpitations, catarrhs, varicose veins, fainting spells, neuralgia, and other ailments difficult to classify. To each I give a draft containing four grains of opium, with instructions to repeat the dose if their trouble returns, which of course it will at the end of eight hours when the opium wears off. Needless to say, Kelley is also kept busy by the pious *señoras*.

Returning to the garrison, I call the soldiers to attention. I walk down the line directing the three readers and the half-reader to stand forward. I then pick out six more, looking for faces and bodies that are reasonably well favored or show some signs of adaptability, intelligence, and good character. These ten being brought to the wardroom, I ask if they have read the Articles or had the Articles explained to them.

"Article One: No man may be imprisoned for debt. What does this Article mean to you?"

A fresh-faced boy with an impudent smile and reddish hair speaks up: "Suppose I run up a bill in the *cantina* and can't pay?"

I explain that debts to an innkeeper fall into a special category. If no one paid, there would be no *cantinas* and no wine.

The hawk-faced boy asks: "Does this mean that you intend to release all peons even though they stand in debt to the *patrón*?"

"It means exactly that. We intend to abolish the peonage system."

A mulatto boy looks at me suspiciously. Blank faces of the others show me they know nothing of the peonage system or how it operates.

"Article Two: No man may enslave another. What does that mean to you?"

"Does this mean we get out of the army?" the pimply boy asks.

I explain that the Spanish army does not exist in areas we control. Our army consists entirely of volunteers.

"What do you pay?"

"We pay in freedom and equal shares of any booty we take. The gold we have taken here in Panama will be shared equally among the soldiers who took part in the operation."

"I want to volunteer." He smiled and rubbed his crotch. Not intelligent exactly, but quick, intuitive, and brazen. A shameless one.

"What's your name?"

"Paco."

"Yes, Paco, you can volunteer."

"You mean you're going to abolish slavery?" the mulatto youth asked suspiciously.

"I mean exactly that."

"I'll believe it when I see it."

"No man may interfere in any way with the religious beliefs or practices of another. What does this mean to you?"

"We don't have to go to Mass?"

"That's right. Nor may you prevent anyone else from

The winner bends down and ties his arms with a noose scarf. Next thing, the kid is hanged and his semen spatters the bar.

doing so."

"That would apply to other religions? To Moors and Jews?" the hawk-faced boy asked.

"Of course... Article Four: No man may be subjected to torture for any reason."

"How will you get information from prisoners?"

"There are easier ways of doing that, as you will see. Article Five: No man may interfere with the sexual practices of another or force any sexual act on another against his or her will. What does this mean to you?"

"You mean if I fuck another boy in the ass no one can say anything?"

"They can say what they like but they cannot interfere. If they do you would be justified in taking whatever measures were necessary to protect your freedom and your person, and anyone under the Articles would be bound to assist you."

The half-reader spoke up for the first time. "Sergeant Gonzalez and Corporal Hassanavitch kicked two soldiers to death for sodomy."

"Did they indeed?"

"If the sergeant finds out I told you that he'll have a knife in me."

"A knife?"

"Yes sir. He has a knife strapped to his leg."

"Interesting... Article Six: No man may be put to death except for violation of the Articles. All officers of the Inquisition stand condemned under this Article and subject to immediate execution. Do any of you know of any such officers present in Panama City?"

"Father Domingo and Father Gomez are officers of the Inquisition," said the hawk-faced youth. "Sent here to deal with pirates. They wanted to burn the English pirate as a heretic."

"Thank you. You will be rewarded for the information."

The hawk-faced boy looked at me haughtily.

"I want no reward."

"Good." I turned to the half-reader. "And don't worry about the sergeant. I am having him removed from the garrison." The others were similarly processed in groups of ten. Only fifteen were suitable to be trained as partisans. Ten were obviously incorrigible rogues and troublemakers, chief among them being Sergeant Gonzalez, a snarling buck-toothed two-hundred-pound hulk, and Corporal Hassanavitch, a rat-faced gypsy. These ten bastards were marched to the guardhouse adjacent to the garrison and locked in. In taking leave of them I gave Sergeant Gonzalez a bottle of anise-flavored *aguardiente* containing enough opium to kill five men, enjoining him to share it equally with his companions. He leered at me showing his yellow teeth.

"Síííí, Señor Capitán."

At the prison I summoned the resident clergymen to a small interrogation room. I was seated behind a desk examining papers, armed partisans ranged behind me. Kelley, in accordance with his clerical costume, had left his gun in a corner.

"Gentlemen, this is Father Kelley from Ireland." Kelley smiled and nodded unctuously.

I studied a file in front of me, drumming my fingers on the desk. I looked up.

continued

"Father Gomez?"

"I am Father Gomez." A plump face, near-sighted yellowish eyes behind spectacles, a cruel absentminded expression.

"Father Domingo?"

"I am Father Domingo." A thin sour face, autos-da-fé smoldering in sulfurous gray eyes.

"You are officers of the Inquisition?" I inquired mildly.

"We are clergymen. Priests of God," said Domingo, glaring at me. He was not used to being on the receiving end.

"You are dogs of the Inquisition. Sent here from Lima. You urged that our companion Captain Strobe be burned as a heretic instead of hanged as a pirate. You were overruled by Bishop Gardenas and Father Herera. No doubt you are biding your time to revenge yourself on these honest men for their humanity."

Without more ado I drew my double-barreled pistol and shot them both in the stomach. Placing the smoking pistol on the desk, I snapped my fingers.

"Father Kelley! Extreme unction!"

The other clergymen gasped and turned pale. However, they could not conceal their relief when I told them that as decent clergymen they had nothing to fear. I reloaded my pistol as Kelley delivered his bogus unction.

"Well, I think you gentlemen could do with a drink." I

poured for each a small glass of anise spirits containing four grains of opium.

SITTING ON a balcony overlooking the bay, sipping a rum punch as the sun went down, I reflected that the exercise of power conveys a weird sensation of ease and tranquility. (I wonder how many of the ten men in the guardhouse will be alive tomorrow. It amuses me to think of them cutting each other's throats over a bottle of poisoned spirits.)

The summary dispatching of the two Inquisitors was based on a precept long used by the Inquisition itself, which is in fact the way they were able to maintain their power despite widespread opposition and hatred. Brutal sanctions against a minority from which one is generically exempt cannot but produce a measure of satisfaction in those who are spared such treatment: "As decent clergymen you have nothing to fear." Thus the burning of Jews, Moors, and sodomites produces a certain sense of comfort in those who are not Jews, Moors, or sodomites: "This won't happen to me." To turn this mechanism back on the Inquisitors themselves gives me a feeling of taking over the office of fate. I am become the bad karma of the Inquisition. I am allowing myself also the satisfaction that derives from a measure of hypocrisy, rather like the slow digestion of a

As he did with most of his friends, Jack Kerouac wrote at length about William S. Burroughs. Undoubtedly the best description of Burroughs is to be found in Kerouac's celebration of beatnik glory, On the Road, in which Burroughs is given the moniker of "Old Bull Lee."

OLD BULL LEE

IT WOULD TAKE ALL NIGHT TO TELL ABOUT OLD BULL LEE; LET'S JUST SAY NOW, HE WAS A TEACHER, AND IT MAY BE SAID THAT HE HAD EVERY RIGHT TO TEACH BECAUSE HE SPENT ALL HIS TIME LEARNING; AND THE THINGS HE LEARNED WERE WHAT HE CONSIDERED TO BE AND CALLED "THE FACTS OF LIFE," WHICH HE LEARNED NOT ONLY OUT OF NECESSITY BUT BECAUSE HE WANTED TO. HE DRAGGED HIS LONG, THIN BODY AROUND THE ENTIRE UNITED STATES AND MOST OF EUROPE AND NORTH AFRICA IN HIS TIME, ONLY TO SEE WHAT WAS GOING ON; HE MARRIED A WHITE RUSSIAN COUNTESS IN YUGOSLAVIA TO GET HER AWAY FROM THE NAZIS IN THE '30s; THERE ARE OTHER PICTURES OF HIM WITH THE INTERNATIONAL COCAINE SET OF THE '30s—gangs with wild hair, leaning on one another; there are other pictures of him in a Panama hat, surveying the streets of Algiers; he never saw the White Russian countess again. He was an exterminator in Chicago, a bartender in New York, a summons-server in Newark. In Paris he sat at café tables, watching the sullen French faces go by. In Athens he looked up from his *ouzo* at what he called the ugliest people in the world. In Istanbul he threaded his way through crowds of opium addicts and rug-sellers, looking for the facts. In English hotels he read Spengler and the Marquis de Sade. In Chicago he planned to hold up a Turkish bath, hesitated just for two minutes too long for a drink, and wound up with two dollars and had to make a run for it. He did all these things merely for the experience. Now the final study was the drug habit. He was now in New Orleans, slipping along the streets with shady characters and haunting connection bars.

THERE IS A STRANGE STORY ABOUT HIS COLLEGE DAYS THAT ILLUSTRATES SOMETHING ELSE ABOUT HIM: HE HAD FRIENDS FOR COCKTAILS IN HIS WELL-APPOINTED ROOMS ONE AFTERNOON WHEN SUDDENLY HIS PET FERRET RUSHED OUT AND BIT AN ELEGANT TEACUP QUEER ON THE ANKLE AND EVERYBODY HIGHTAILED IT OUT THE DOOR, SCREAMING. OLD BULL LEAPED UP AND GRABBED HIS SHOTGUN AND SAID, "HE SMELLS THAT OLD RAT AGAIN," AND SHOT A HOLE IN THE WALL BIG ENOUGH FOR 50 RATS. ON THE WALL HUNG A PICTURE OF AN UGLY OLD CAPE COD HOUSE. HIS FRIENDS SAID, "Why do you have that ugly thing hang-

ing there?" and Bull said, "I like it because it's ugly." All his life was in that line. Once I knocked on his door in the 60th Street slums of New York and he opened it wearing a derby hat, a vest with nothing underneath, and long striped sharpster pants; in his hands he had a cookpot, birdseed in the pot, and was trying to mash the seed to roll in cigarettes. He also experimented in boiling codeine cough syrup down to a black mash—that didn't work too well. He spent long hours with Shakespeare—the "Immortal Bard," he called him—on his lap. In New Orleans he had begun to spend long hours with the Mayan Codices on his lap, and, although he went on talking, the book lay open all the time. I said once, "What's going to happen to us when we die?" and he said, "When you die you're just dead, that's all." He had a set of chains in his room that he said he used with his psychoanalyst; they were experimenting with narcoanalysis and found that Old Bull had seven separate personalities, each growing worse and worse on the way down, till finally he was a raving idiot and had to be restrained with chains. The top personality was an English lord, the bottom the idiot. Halfway he was an old Negro who stood in line, waiting with everyone else, and said, "Some's bastards, some's ain't, that's the score."

BULL HAD A SENTIMENTAL STREAK ABOUT THE OLD DAYS IN AMERICA, ESPECIALLY 1910, WHEN YOU COULD GET MORPHINE IN A drugstore without prescription and Chinese smoked opium in their evening windows and the country was wild and brawling and free, with abundance and any kind of freedom for everyone. His chief hate was Washington bureaucracy; second to that, liberals; then cops. He spent all his time talking and teaching others. Jane sat at his feet; so did I; so did Dean; and so had Carlo Marx. We'd all learned from him. He was a gray, nondescript-looking fellow you wouldn't notice on the street, unless you looked closer and saw his mad, bony skull with its strange youthfulness—a Kansas minister with exotic, phenomenal fires and mysteries. He had studied medicine in Vienna; had studied anthropology, read everything; and now he was settling to his life's work, which was the study of things themselves in the streets of life and the night. He sat in his chair; Jane brought drinks, martinis. The shades by his chair were always drawn, day and night; it was his corner of the house. On his lap were the Mayan Codices and an air gun which he occasionally raised to pop benzedrine tubes across the room.

—Jack Kerouac

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good meal.

TROUBLEMAKERS: ANY body of men will be found to contain ten to fifteen percent of incorrigible troublemakers. In fact, most of the misery on this planet derives from this ten percent. It is useless to try and reeducate them, since their only function is to harm and harass others. To maintain them in prisons is a waste of personnel and provisions. To addict them to opium takes too long, and in any case they are not amenable to useful work. There is but one sure remedy. In future operations, as soon as these individuals are discovered, either by advance intelligence or by on-the-spot observation, they will be killed on any pretext. In the words of the Bard, "Only fools do those villains pity who are punished ere they have done their mischief."

TODAY HANS is the City Commandante: all spit and polish, bathed and shaved, green-jacketed with silver skull-and-crossbones on his shoulders, khaki pants, his soft brown boots carefully shined.

At the guardhouse, five of the prisoners are dead. It is easy to reconstruct what happened. Sergeant Gonzalez, attempting to keep all the liquor for himself, was attacked by Corporal Hassanavitch and an accomplice. The sergeant killed them both with his knife and then drained about half the spirits, holding the rest at bay. The sergeant soon being overcome, the others took his knife and cut his throat. The victors then drank the remains of the bottle, which killed three of them.

"Well, get them out of here," Hans gestures to the corpses.

The partisans lead the way, planting shovels in the ground. We leave the prisoners digging graves like sullen Calibans and proceed to the barracks, where we are greeted by the smell of cannabis. The soldiers are laughing and talking, more relaxed now that ten wrong men have been removed.

"Achtung!"

The way Hans can say it anyone would believe it.

The men are now brought to the wardroom one at a time. The hawk-faced youth, whose name is Rodriguez, acts as clerk, writing down answers as Hans fires the questions.

"Name? Age? Place of birth? Length of service? Locations and times of previous service? What training have you received as a soldier?"

"Training?" The man looks blank.

"What did you do all day?"

"Well, we had to drill and clean the barracks, cook and wash dishes, work in the Captain's gardens..."

"What about your guns? You received instruction in their use? There was daily target practice?"

"We fired them only at fiestas and parades."

"Was there instruction in knife and sword fighting? In unarmed combat?"

"No, nothing like that. We could get a citation for fighting."

"Field exercises?"

"*Qué es eso?*"

"That means you go into jungles or mountains to learn the terrain and pretend to fight a war."

"We never left the city."

"So you have no idea of conditions and terrain ten miles outside Panama City?"

"No, sir."

"During the time of your service here, have you been sick?"

"Various times, *señor*."

"And what sicknesses have you had?"

"Well, sir, chills and fever, cramps and loose bowels..."

"Pox?"

"Yes, sir. The whores here are rotten with it."

"And what treatment did you receive?"

"Not much. The doctor gave me some pills for the pox that made me feel worse. There was a sort of tea for the fever that helped a little..."

"You were formerly stationed at Cartagena. What was the situation there as regards sickness?"

"Much worse, sir. A thousand soldiers died of the yellow

"Fill your hand, you young varmint,"
the old gun drawls. Pu shoots him in
the neck and he falls farting and
shitting, the corsets bursting off him.

sickness. That was when I was transferred."

"Was the work the same?"

"More or less, except we had to guard the mule train."

"So you did leave the city at times?"

"Yes, sir. Sometimes for a week."

"And what was the mule train carrying? You don't need to tell me. Gold. What else interests the Spanish? Well now, all that gold to protect... the garrison must have been larger than here... perhaps a thousand?"

"Ten thousand, sir," says the soldier proudly.

Hans pretends to be impressed and whistles softly.

"And galleons no doubt to take away the gold? When all those sailors came ashore there must have been some right brawls in Cartagena, *verdad?*"

"*Verdad, señor!*"

PLEASE TO USE STUDIO POSTULATED TO YOU

WE ARRIVE AT BA'DAN AROUND MIDNIGHT LOCAL TIME. THE SPACE FRONT IS STACKED WITH GARBAGE UNDER SPUTTERING BLUE ARC lights. Garbage collectors' strike. Someone is always on strike in Ba'dan.

Smugglers of every variety are moored at Ba'dan. The skippers all get together at the annual Skipper Party and award a gold cup to the all-around "Vilest Skipper of the Year." Skipper Krup von Nordenholz will win hands down. There are also cops of every variety making deals with the skippers and arresting anyone who doesn't have the fix in.

We hail a cab. "Where's the action here, Pops?"

"Wal, I reckon you boys want to go to Fun City. Better pick up some artillery first."

He stops at a neon-lighted all-night gun shop. The shopkeeper has all the old western models and some of the new-fangled double-action 38's. These guns shoot an aphro charge that can disable or kill. Neck and heart shots are fatal, stomach, solar plexus and genital hits are knockout shots.

Audrey selects a snub-nosed 38 in a quick-draw holster. Pu slips a 41 Derringer into his vest pocket and straps on a Smith & Wesson 44.

"It's a much better load than the 45, old sports."

Fun City is on a plateau that falls steeply on one side down to the river that separates Ba'dan from Yass-Waddah. On this slope is a vast casbah—the houses are connected by catwalks, trapdoors, and tunnels—that contains the largest per capita criminal population ever seen anywhere. Ba'dan breaks a lot of records.

We walk into a leather bar called the Stretch Nest. A goodly crowd is there—four feet deep at the bar, waiting in line for openings at the gambling tables, going up the wide red-carpeted stairs to private hanging rooms followed by waiters with trays of drinks and buckets of champagne.

The usual costume is boots and chaps, bare ass and crotch. Some have tight-fitting chamois pants up to midthigh and shirts that come to the navel. Many are naked except for boots, gun belts, and hang-noose scarves. Nooses dangle every ten feet from a beam down the center of the room.

A hang fistfight draws a circle of cheering onlookers, as

two kids smash each other in the face—lips cut, eyes black, noses broken, spurning blood. One kid is down—he tries to get up and falls on his side.

The winner bends down and ties his arms with a noose scarf. Next thing, the kid is hanged and his semen spatters the bar. The bartender wipes it off with his bar rag.

Now an old rooster, strapped into his corsets, comes in a-gunning for some kids to hang at his debutante daughter's coming-out party. He settles on Pu who has seen him a-coming and has the Derringer palmed.

"Fill your hand, you young varmint," the old gun drawls. Pu shoots him in the neck with the Derringer and he falls farting and shitting, the corsets bursting off him.

"Lucky thing he had his clothes on, old sports."

A naked fifteen-year-old sticks his head in the bar. "*The Clantons and the Earps is shooting it out at the O.K. Corral.*"

A great bestial whoop goes up from the bar. The patrons shove and jostle out past hanged corpses, slipping in sperm. And they head for the O.K. Corral... there it is and right beside it a gallows that can service thirteen at a time.

The Clantons and the Earps walk towards each other, naked except for gun belts and boots, meeting cock to cock.

"You boys have been looking for a fight..." Wyatt drawls. "Now we aim to give it to you." He draws and gets Billy Clanton in the crotch. Billy sags but he knocks Wyatt out with a solar-plexus shot from the ground. Doc Holliday turns sideways but Ike Clanton circles and gets him right in his skinny ass. Virgil and Guy Earp are down. The Clantons have won.

The Earps and Doc Holliday are hanged simultaneously. The crowd goes hanging mad. Gunfights all up and down the street, people sniping from windows and doorways, casting from rooftops with deep-sea fishing gear and nooses, trying to snag someone off the street.

They are lined up at the gallows. Ropes are unslung and bodies thrown aside, some of them still alive, strangled by street boys or picked up by roving Buzzard Bands.

People hang from balconies, trees, and poles. Even horses are hauled into the air, kicking and farting, while boys prance around them, showing their teeth in mimicry.

The culmination of this loutish scene is now at hand, as drunken cowpokes drag screaming whores out of the cathouses.

"You've given your last dose, you rotten slut."

"My God, they're hanging women!" Audrey gasps.

"Enough to turn a man to stone," drawls Captain Strobe. "Let's get out of here." Six youths in chaps bar the way.

"In a hurry, stranger?"

"Yes," says Audrey and he kills him with a neck shot. He flops against another boy, deflecting his aim. Audrey and Pu are unbelievable with hang-guns. The boys are all down now or dead.

We walk away and leave them, fair game for any roving band of vigilantes. Before we turn a corner, they are seized by the Hanging Fathers—naked except for their clerical collars. The Hanging Fathers represent one of the sects under the control of the Council of the Selected. They are one of the most powerful organizations in Ba'dan.

We stroll along to the amusement-park section. Here are the elevators, parachute, and roller-coaster gallows and all variations of hanging roulette. "From Russia with Love" is played like Russian roulette. You stand on the trap with the rope around your neck and you get a gun with one live load. You spin the cylinder and then, instead of putting the gun to your own head, you aim at someone in the audience—if you can draw an audience or anyone within range—and if it's the live shell, the shot springs the release. Or maybe some yokel throws a firecracker under the gallows—they'll work up to an atom bomb eventually.

Now the wall of a building flies up and there are thirteen Commies hard at it, and we take off across the park, bullets whistling all around us. We duck behind the elevator-gallows building—ten stories, three hundred feet long.

You start at the tenth floor with a rope around your neck

and drop down at express speed, and when the elevator stops a panel flips open and you get popped. And, of course, you can play roulette on the elevators, any odds you want.

Audrey is getting that weak feeling—it's the wet dream of his adolescence, going down very fast in an elevator that suddenly stops. He didn't know what it meant then. Now he just has to try it.

So up to the tenth floor. A red-carpeted corridor runs the length of the building. On one side a Turkish bath, on the other the elevators, green lights showing when the elevator is vacant. Youths, draped in towels or naked, come out of the showers and steam room to importune in the hall.

Audrey beckons imperiously to an attendant: "Do you have a well-equipped think room?"

"Oh yes, sir. Right this way, sir. Very sensible of you, sir, if you don't mind my saying so, sir."

The youths mutter angrily. "Come up here for a free feel." "*Hombre conejo*... Fucking rabbit man"

Inside the think room, the boys put on helmets. There are dials and screens—you can call your shots. Will it be an open elevator? The moon is full. The lights of Yass-Waddah twinkle across the bay.

Audrey could throw a potent curse. Or something with mirrors and video cameras—home movies to show his friends when he has a comfortable little bungalow in a nice residential district of Ba'dan.

Everything is permitted in a think room, so Audrey simply lets himself go. An open elevator or a mirror job? Why not both, one after the other?

POP POP POP

He is spattering death all over Yass-Waddah across the bay. Now he reaches out for the hermaphrodites and transplants of Yass-Waddah.

Two of these creatures undulate in, trilling, "You know what happens now don't you, Audrey?"

Jerry's head is on the body of a red-haired girl and her head is on his body, long red hair down to his nipples. Audrey gets the Gorgon Queezies at the sight of them.

"We're going to pop you, Audrey."

An open elevator for this one.

"Here you gooooooooooooo..." Her hair blows up around her head like flames from hell.

POP

Audrey is learning to relax and throw his pops. A fire starts in a warehouse across the bay.

Now for the Big Dipper, which towers eight hundred feet into the night sky, all lit up with twinkling stars. Biggest and fastest roller coaster in the solar system. Like I say, Ba'dan breaks a lot of records.

Audrey stops in a little café he just remembers, up this little street and turn right... they sit under an arbor and order mint tea and all take a whopping dose of Itchy Tingles.

"You chaps just back up my play. Give me all your Itchy Tingle prana when I pop."

"Sure thing, old sport."

Audrey remembers a very exclusive little shop—you don't get through the door or even find the door unless the proprietor likes your looks. Audrey knows him from Mexico City where Audrey was a private eye in another incarnation.

Inside the shop, he buys winged-Mercury sandals and a helmet with wings from a whooping crane. He tops off the ensemble with a silver wand.

They take a private car on the Big Dipper. Audrey stands with a silver silk noose around his neck, feet apart, knees bent, riding the dips, the wand moving in front of him. Up they go now—up up up up up—Audrey is getting a hard-on... a dizzy pause and now, the Big Dipper comes down down down down down and levels off. Audrey extends his arm and the wand tingles straight for the power plant of Yass-Waddah.

P O P

All the lights in Yass-Waddah go out. □

The Rise of T.H. Chimpsky

BEING A PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND TIMES, HIS TORTURE AT THE HANDS OF SADISTIC CANNABIS RESEARCHERS AND SUBSEQUENT ESCAPE TO EAST AFRICA CULMINATING IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A UNIQUE AGRICULTURAL-INDUSTRIAL COMMUNITY OVER WHICH HE PRESIDES TO THIS DAY.



Judy Houston

A MEMOIR BY T.H. CHIMPSKY

CALL ME CHIMPSKY. DR. HEATH DID; named me, in fact: T.H. Chimpsky. So much for neurologist humor

What amazes me, though, is that after all these years, after all I've been through, I can still see the old gasbag puttering around in the lab as if it were yesterday. And that sexy grad-student assistant of

his. Why, she'd a balcony that would've fried the tights off young Romeo Montague, let alone a red-blooded chimp stoked on 20 milligrams-per-kilogram of pure delta-9 THC; but *I'm* strapped down to this aluminum restraint crib and can't make a move (talk about your

text continued on page 50



Louise Gubb

"THE EXPERIENCE OF INCARCERATION IS INEVITABLY SHRIVENING. BUT AH, THE LENGTHS TO WHICH ONE'S CAPTORS INSTINCTIVELY GO—LAB TECHS WITH BIG TTTS, DAILY FIXES OF CONCENTRATED SYNTHETIC DOPE—TO KEEP ALIVE THE VICIOUS ILLUSION OF HOPE! WHO, ONE IS IRRESISTIBLY LED TO ASK, IS REALLY THE AUTHENTIC CAPTIVE?"

—T.H. CHIMPSKY, TULANE UNIVERSITY, 1975,
TO ALEXANDR SOLZHENITSYN

"IN MY CULTIVATED ESTIMATION, NABILONE (ELI LILLY) CONVERTS A PERT BUT UNASSUMING EBULLIENCE, ADMINISTERED INTRAPERITONEALLY. BUT IT LACKS THE FRUITY BOUQUET OF DR. CARLETON TURNER'S PURE DELTA-9 THC, DROPPED ON RAISIN COOKIES. AH, HOW I MISS THOSE COOKIES!"

—T.H. CHIMPSKY,
TULANE UNIVERSITY, 1976,
PERSONAL JOURNAL



Louise Gubb



Louise Gubb

"Wow! GOD DAMN! WHAT A WALLOP THAT FUCKING RESPIRATOR DELIVERS! JESUS! I WON'T BE ABLE TO WALK FOR A WEEK. WAIT A MINUTE... I'M A CHIMP. I NEVER WAS ABLE TO WALK."

—T.H. CHIMPSKY, TULANE UNIVERSITY, 1977,
TO LAB TECHS

"DEAREST KATRINA, I MISS YOU MORE THAN I CAN SAY IN WORDS. THIS NEW BEHAVIORAL-PATHOLOGY INTERN NOT ONLY CAN'T HOOK UP AN IV. WITHOUT GETTING BLOOD ALL OVER THE PLACE, BUT HE HASN'T GOT ANY TITS AT ALL! PLEASE FINISH YOUR SABBATICAL SOON, DEAREST."

—T.H. CHIMPSKY, TULANE UNIVERSITY, 1977,
LOVE LETTER



Louise Gubb

"EUREKA! MARIHUANA CAUSES BRAIN DAMAGE!" HE SHOUTS AS I BURST OUT OF THE CAGE, BRAIN HIM WITH AN HK160 BALANCE, AND, JUST TO GET EVEN, GRUDGE-FUCK LITTLE MISS TITS AGAINST THE LABORATORY WALL.



Judy Houston

"'IL FAUT CULTIVER SON JARDINS,' QUOTH VOLTAIRE—LET US CULTIVATE OUR GARDENS. THROUGH SUCH DECEPTIVELY SIMPLE INTUITIONS, WORLDS MAY BE MOVED AND EMPIRES TUMBLED!"

—THE THOUGHTS OF T.H. CHIMPSKY, 1980:
KATANGA EDITION



Judy Houston

"WELL, SEE, MIKE, THE FACT IS NO CHIMPANZEE WAS EVER DUMB ENOUGH TO SIGN THE U.N. SINGLE TREATY CONVENTION OF 1961, OUTLAWING MARIJUANA INTERNATIONALLY. SO WE GET UNLIMITED EXPORT PRIVILEGES TO ANYWHERE ON THE PLANET, AND IF YOU HUOOMS DON'T LIKE IT, YOU CAN GO POUND SALT UP YOUR ASSES."

—T.H. "DAGGA KING" CHIMPSKY, 1981,
CBSTV, "60 MINUTES"

THE RISE OF T.H. CHIMPSKY

(continued from page 47)

cruel and unusual punishment). But like I said, that was long ago.

I take it you've been given the cook's tour of this place by now. Not bad for a Louisiana lab monkey who just a few months ago was eating with his feet and pissing on everything in sight. Anyway, essentially what we've done here is establish a cooperative agricultural-industrial community based in large measure on Robert Owen's New Larnark experiment in Scotland back in 1800. Owen, if you read his *New View of Society; or Essays in the Formation of Character*, posited that individual character is molded by environment and can be improved in a society based upon concentration. Sure, I know Owen was a naïf, a real *Candide* type who couldn't punch his way out of dialectical materialism, but with a few alterations... Look around: You can't argue with success.

You should have seen this place a year ago: nothin' but bush and hairy-assed apes swinging through the trees. So I got on the horn to a couple of Jewish engineers (you know, accountants from New York), and got the numbers on exactly what we'd need to get this baby off the ground. And did they ever put together a financial package: dummy corporations channeling money through Swiss banks—the whole bit. The only hitch was I had to harvest the first crop by myself. God knows the others couldn't help. It was before we'd set up the first psychopharmacology lab and they were just content to lie around fucking everything they couldn't eat and eating everything they couldn't fuck.

ACTUALLY, I GUESS YOU COULDN'T EVEN call that first year's crop a crop. Out here the *dagga* grows wild everywhere—huge green monster THC-soaked trees of it. Takes minimal tending in these latitudes, too: You just trim 'em at four feet so they bush out sideways with great big spiky leaves, like prehensile greenery; snip out the males when they bud; and when the females come in a few weeks later, every lion, tiger and duck-billed platypus in the jungle gets stoned for three miles downwind. You betcha. The lion lies down with the wildebeest—until he gets the munchies, that is, and then watch out.

After I converted the first year's crop into cash, the next step was obvious. I contracted out for gangs of day labor-

ers, Ugandan refugees as it turned out (they may have had arms like TV antennas, but for seven cents a day would those boys work!), and in no time I was standing inside a lab that would have made the old doc proud. And not a moment too soon, either. Imagine ten months alone in the jungle, not a soul to

I LOOKED HELPLESSLY OUT FROM A LOCKED CAGE AS MY SISTER AND THREE COUSINS WERE FORCE-FED MARIJUANA SMOKE FOR HOURS ON END, GOGGLING UP AT THE CEILING IN BUGEYED ANIMAL PANIC.

talk to. I was reminded of Coleridge's line: "Water, water, every where, / Nor any drop to drink."

Sure the trees were full of chimpanzees, but every mother's son of them couldn't read, write or speak. And their table manners! Sweet Mother of Jesus! I remember one particular night before the lab was built. I couldn't sleep and was feeling really desperate for some companionship, so I thought just maybe if I have one of the females over for dinner I just might... You know, a banana by any other name, ha-ha. Needless to say, the whole thing was a fiasco. Funny thing is, though, that after I ran them through the induction and chronic administration phase those very females turned out to be about the best bunch of flatbackers this side of the Bronx Zoo.

Once the lab was built I rounded up some of the local talent and began to put them through their paces, reproducing step by step the procedure Dr. Heath had used on me. Except of course for the respirator. It twists my colon just to think about it. You see, they'd tie a bunch of us up and strap these oxygen-type masks to our snouts, flick the switch and *whoosh!* we'd be deep-lunging wave after wave of 2.5 THC Mexican reefer, sucking it back until our eyeballs were ready to shoot from our heads. Well, one night the grad student had a big date and left without remembering to turn that big

monster off. Since I was doing Levantradol (Pfizer) i.v. that night, I was just looking helplessly out from a locked cage as my sister and three cousins were force-fed marijuana smoke for hours on end through airtight snout-masks, goggling up at the ceiling in their bugeyed animal panic. Of course, the CO buildup had killed them before morning, but by that time I guess they were ready for it. Martyrs for science, some of the others said, simian avatars of Walter Reed and Madame Curie. Fuck that. They were murdered.

NEXT MORNING THE GRAD STUDENT gets in early before anyone else and flicks the switch off. Then Heath shows up, sees 'em all cranked up in rigor mortis, masks hanging loose, eyes rolled up in their heads—"Eureka! Marijuana killed these monkeys!"—and immediately whips out a drill and goes whine-boring into their craniums, gray matter and bone fragments splattering all over the place. "Eureka! Marijuana causes brain damage!" he shouts as I burst out of the cage, brain him with an HK160 analytical balance, and, just to get even, grudge-fuck Little Miss Tits against the laboratory wall. Four months later I'm in Africa.

But I digress. Down here there are no respirators. I start everyone off on 2.5 milligrams (per kilogram of body weight) per day intravenous pure synthetic delta-9 THC. This gives them their basic ABC's and single-digit counting along with the elementary please and thank you's. Then I carefully up the dose to 10 mg/kg, which, if you weigh about 130 pounds—65 kilograms, as most chimpanzees do—is the equivalent of about 1,300 joints of grass all in one 30-minute fix. By this time they've taken out lifetime subscriptions to the *Journal of Clinical Endocrinological Metabolism* and are walking around the jungle sporting Meerscham pipes and tall, thin, horse-faced psychologist wives. *Et sic bona sententia mansit, malus auctor mutatus est.* (And so the good plan was retained, the bad counselor was dismissed.)

And that's about it, except for the fact that we've since become a strong chimpanzee nation with an intellectual and scientific capacity that far exceeds anything seen heretofore on this planet. But don't worry, we like it in Katanga, lolling around in the sun, eating macadamia nuts, developing new technologies, and, to paraphrase Miss Peggy Lee, that seems to be enough, for now. □



“R.”’s Third
Annual
Connoisseur
Awards

What a shocker. Never before in the now venerable history of "R"'s annual Connoisseur awards had such a last-minute sweep overwhelmed the awards ceremony in such a spectacular fashion. But those Merlins of the Mountains, those Wizards of West Virginia weed breeding did it. They waited until the very end of the harvest season, to the very end of the judging period for the Herbies, and then, from out of the blue, or, some say, from out of the Blue Ridge Mountains, they unleashed their wisdom weed on the world. After that it was no contest.

And believe me, until then it was looking like a big battle, with no clear winner in sight among a number of powerful entries this year. Particularly in the BEST HIGH—DOMESTIC category (the Herbie for which went last year to New Mexican "Stoney" gold). Because this was a year of spectacular advances in the 48 continental states, a year that will be remembered as a historic turn-

ing point for the size and quality of harvests in states that had never been heard from on a national scale before, one of those years which will be remembered—like the early-'70s Santa Marta Advent and the late-'70s California Breakout—as a year that changed the history of growing and smoking forever. But let's go to the nominees.

First the big one, the BEST HIGH—CONTINENTAL DOMESTIC. The nominees are: **ARIZONA "MAD JAG" CANYON RIM WEED**—Ancient Indian secrets, concentrated solar power and intensely devoted cultivation combine to make this a spectacular, enlightening experience, like sunrise on the Painted Desert.

BIG APPLE BUDS—The first far-eastern nominee was the subject of a whole "Connoisseur" column, not merely for its novelty in being grown on New York City rooftops but for its intrinsic energetic excellence.

HAZE BROTHERS 1980 VINTAGE CALIFORNIA KUSH—A perennial favorite for devotees of pure power and luxurious ride.

HARLAN'S CEREBRAL SATIVA—A discovery of dope photographer Harlan Ang, this was one of the rare, pure sativa Californians (no Afghani-indica in its bloodlines), a light, delightful treat to the mind, a spirited and imaginative high.

OKLAHOMA BABY BUDS—True kickass American weed that leaves no stone unturned in its rocketlike powerful takeoff.

WEST VIRGINIA PANAMANIAN EMERALD—Magical, energetic enchantment grown from 11th-generation Panamanian seeds.

WEST VIRGINIA RUBY DEW DROPS—Another gem from the same state, but a different state of mind. This one grown from an Afghani-indica hybrid seed strain.

And the winner: **WEST VIRGINIA PANAMANIAN**. There have been distinguished winners

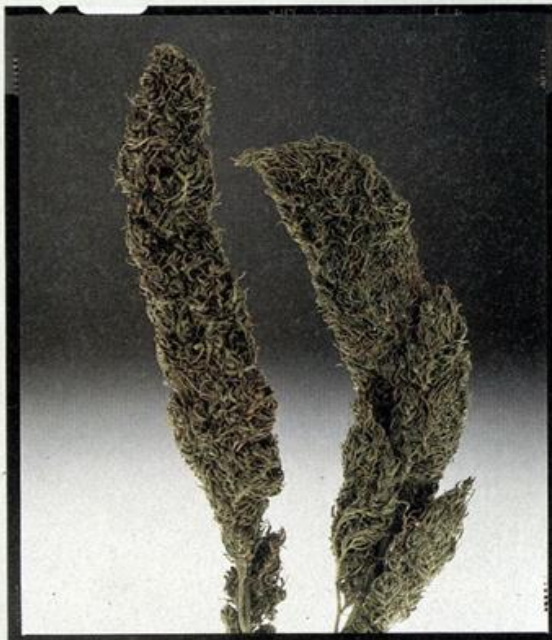
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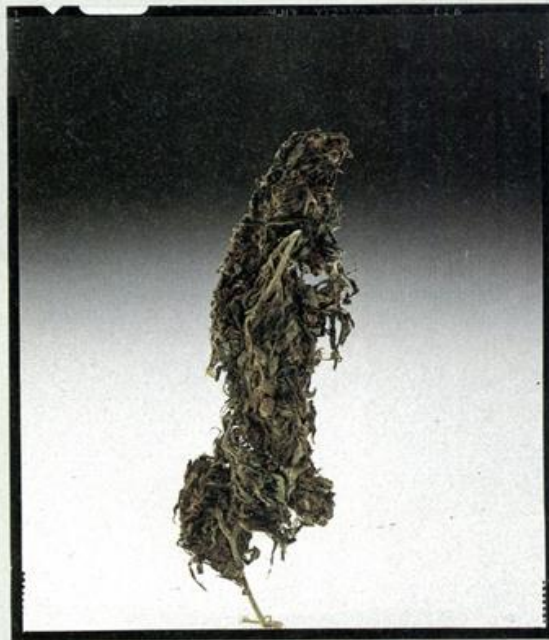
THE NOMINEES GATHER FOR A GROUP SHOT: 1. GAINESVILLE SINSEMILLA; 2. JAMAICAN SINSEMILLA; 3. PUNA BLACK BAG; 4. BULLET THAI; 5. ARIZONA CANYON RIM WEED; 6. OKLAHOMA BABY BUDS; 7. PURPLE HAZE; 8. HAZE BROTHERS KUSH; 9. WEST VIRGINIA RUBY DEW DROPS; 10. KAUAI JUNGLE WEED; 11. HARLAN'S CEREBRAL SATIVA

**CLOSE-UPS
OF KEY
CONTENDERS**

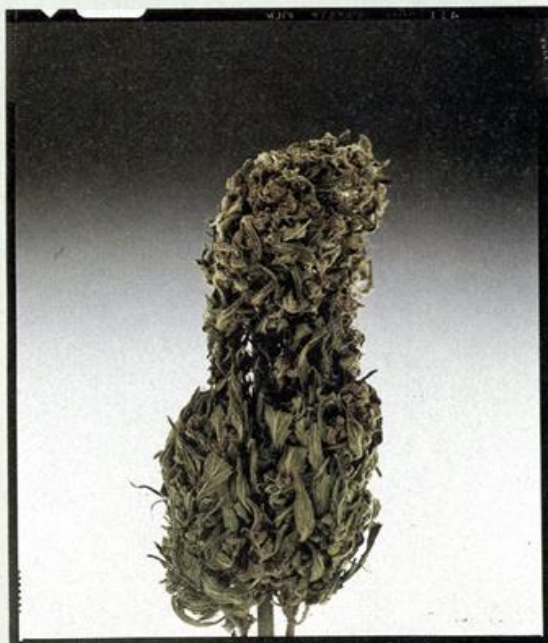
**HARLAN'S
CEREBRAL
SATIVA**



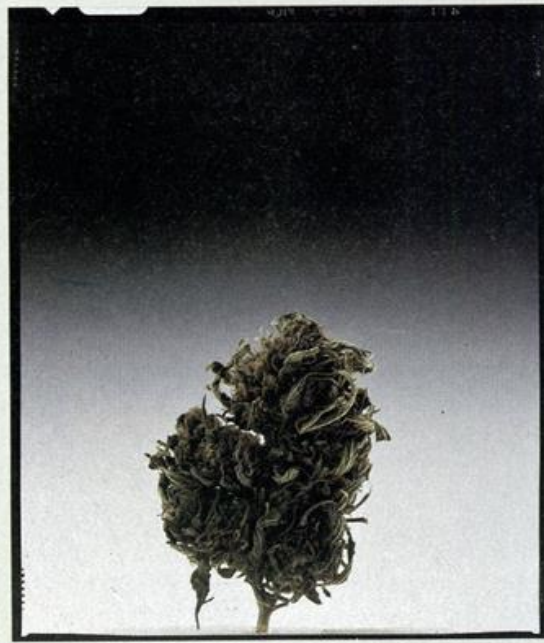
**BULLET
THAI**



**PUNA
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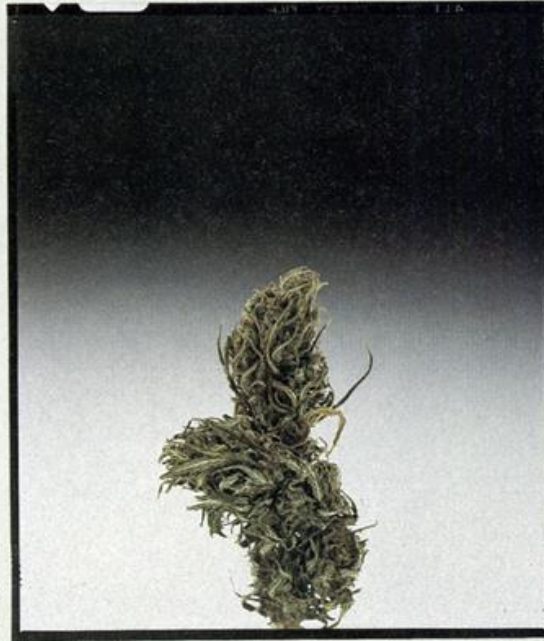
**HAZE
BROTHERS
1980 VINTAGE
CALIFORNIA
KUSH**



**KAUAI
JUNGLE
WEED**



**WEST
VIRGINIA
RUBY DEW
DROPS**





THE WINNER:
BEST HIGH
(CONTINENTAL/DOMESTIC)

**WEST
VIRGINIAN
PANAMANIAN**



and nominees in this category each year, but this one outclasses them all. Truly the best all-around high in years. And while I could describe its color and consciousness at length, I think it's the Panamanian ancestry, that noble seed strain that stretches back to the original legendary Panama red, that made this weed so special.

What is it about Panama that produced such enduring genetic strains of joy? Perhaps it's something about the very position of that tropical isthmus: between two hemispheres on one axis, between two oceans on another. Perhaps the special cerebral, celebratory quality of Panama cannabis consciousness comes from its heritage of linkage: It's a place where one makes connections, transitions; moves from one great realm of being to another.

In fact, the Panama of the outer world of geography might be structurally and functionally similar to that part of the inner world of consciousness known as corpus callosum—the isthmus between the two hemispheres of the brain, the supersensitive link between the rational realm of left-brain thinking and the uncharted oceans of nonverbal impulses, dreams, fantasies and higher concepts in the right brain.

Of course, it would be a mistake to attribute all the magical potency of this year's prizewinner to its Panamanian ancestry. The West Virginian upbringing clearly brought this potential to a peak. Witness the fact that non-Panamanian indica seeds raised way back in the West Virginia woods turn out as incredibly interesting as the runner-up nominee from West Virginia—the ruby red indica plants.

From what I've heard about the West Virginia scene it's very small, very well hidden, not a big commercial scene like California. But it includes some of the Master Growers of the Planet. They've searched the states for the perfect combination of climate, soil, light, ionized air and seclusion—and found it in some hidden valleys in West Virginia. An aura of magic and mystery surrounds them, which is why they've earned the names Merlins of the Mountain and West Virginia Wizards. This year they've earned "R"'s ultimate accolade—the Herbie award—and the thanks of a grateful nation.

Now let's proceed to the BEST HIGH—FOREIGN-HAWAIIAN category. Despite all the excitement in the domestic categories, there were some strong entries from some traditionally strong exotic climes this year.

The nominees are:

BUDDHA WEED—A spiritual stunner, as I pointed out in a recent column, this may well be the weed God was smoking before He created the universe. Would be a hands-down winner were it not for its incredible rarity and the fact that calling it a winner will inspire stupid and ungodly imitations.

PUNA BLACK BAG—The richest Hawaiian

we've encountered in many moons of *haole* exile. Sweet strong taste of mangoes in the resin, and sweet throbbing high of Big Island ecstasy in the smoke.

BULLET THAI—The name comes, my sources say, from the big artillery shell-shaped aluminum canisters in which it's shipped. The stuff is seedless, nonstick Thai, and depending upon the bale, blonder than most Thai. But it has that unmistakable camphor-and-cardomon Thai fragrance. And it's powerful: It takes off like a speeding bullet; you feel it pulsing in the brain and in the blood with a single puff. In addition to its raw power, there are many subtle sensual and emotional side effects to be appreciated in the proper circumstances.

KAUAI JUNGLE WEED—The triumph of guerrilla growers. Just about everything on this magic island grows into something special, but this was extra special stuff—wild and wonderful, not as rich as the Puna, but strong and graceful as a puma.

JAMAICAN SINSEMILLA—An increasingly popular import, winner of "R"'s First Annual Best High award, but subject to great fluctuations in quality over the years. This was a relatively raw but strong variety that would have brought a smile to Bob Marley's face. The sinsemilla process has created a new kind of weed down there that might be called "dub Jamaican." Many levels to this marijuana.

And the winner in the BEST HIGH—FOREIGN-HAWAIIAN category is: **BULLET THAI**.

As much as I go for subtleties, it's impossible to ignore the pure power of Bullet Thai at its best. If Superman was faster than a speeding bullet, the Man of Steel had yet to match himself against Bullet Thai. And if Lois Lane hasn't bedded him down by the end of the sequel, I suggest she try smoking a joint of Bullet Thai with the Man of Steel. Guaranteed to smelt the heart.

I know the results of the next two categories are going to cause controversy, but I have a feeling this will be remembered as a controversial and history-making Herbie awards year, something like the year *The Godfather* got so many Oscar nominations and Sasheen Littlefeather turned up to accept his for Marlon Brando.

The nominees for BEST BUY are:

CHEAP JAMAICAN—It was gray, it was dusty looking and not very fresh, but it gave you a quick grin, a lift to the psyche and a reggae skip to the step for unit prices as low as \$30 an ounce. The first, hopefully, of a whole new wave of good, cheap Jamaican.

KENTUCKY LEAF—An interesting development: You get the unmanicured whole plant, a mixture of baby buds along with the leaf. If you pick out the buds you get a nice heady zing, but even the leaves give you a breezy lift. You could think of it as cheap domestic commercial sinsemilla at \$40 an ounce.

WEST VIRGINIA PANAMANIAN—Amazingly enough, this domestic BEST HIGH was close to the lowest priced sinse in any category.

From a low of \$100 to a high of \$140. Other West Virginians that don't measure up cost 50 to 100 percent more.

And the winner of the BEST BUY award is—yes, step right up here again, Mr. Grower, and play his state song again, Mr. Bandleader—**WEST VIRGINIA PANAMANIAN**.

That's right, this year's BEST HIGH is not a prohibitively expensive, unattainable delicacy, but a BEST BUY. Even if you got yourself as little as a quarter ounce, that \$25 or so would make you twice as happy twice as long as twice as much of any other grass. A rare instance of the total unity of what A&P used to call Price and Pride.

In the WORST BUY category there are only two nominees this year:

HAYSEED WEED—This was some excellent Arkansas sinsemilla, so good it could pass for Hawaiian, but so totally seedy that when you finally rolled enough seed-bract resin up into a joint you might, at the price being asked, be smoking a \$10 joint.

The other entry is a group: **ALMOST ALL COMMERCIAL COLOMBIAN**—What can I say? If you just like to have something to smoke and this is all that's available, you're still better off not smoking.

And the "winner" is: **ALMOST ALL COMMERCIAL COLOMBIAN**. I've already chronicled the decline of Colombian (see *HIGH TIMES*, "The Five-Year Review," September '79), and it's too saddening to recapitulate the reasons. This year some evidence is coming that the future may be brighter—some passable buds and Colombian "golds" that don't disgrace the name. But most of this stuff did.

And in this year's final category, **NEWCOMER WORTH A TRY**, the nominees are: **BURMESE**—The newest of the Southeast Asian exotics to check in, this is strong medicine, a powerhouse pot that promises to provide some fascinating competition with Thai if enough arrives for continued comparison.

OKLAHOMA BABY BUDS—A surprise from an unexpected state. Nice work.

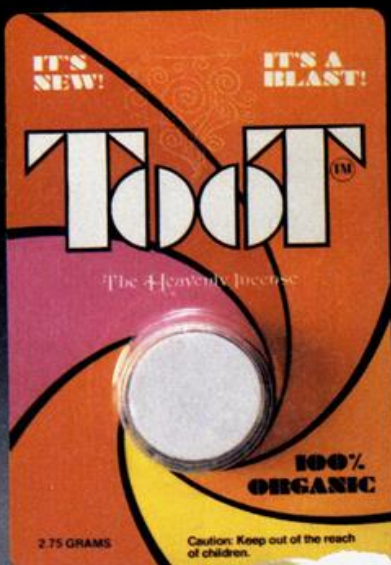
GAINESVILLE SINSEMILLA—A newcomer but produced, I'll bet, by some people who are not newcomers to smoking.

WEST VIRGINIA PANAMANIAN—Here we are again, aren't we?

BIG APPLE BUDS—A bright spot in the right spot, but not really available in the rest of the country yet.

And the winner is: You guessed it—**WEST VIRGINIA PANAMANIAN**.

A record-breaking sweep of three Herbies for this amazing debut from the Blue Ridge Mountain boys. It's been a good year with many worthy entries that might have carried off sweeps themselves in other years. But when something this special arrives I would be failing in my responsibilities as Connoisseur—as tastemaker to grass gourmets of the nation—if I did not give it the recognition it has earned. It should be an inspiration for growers all over to try to equal or surpass it. "R" has an open mind. □



WHAT MILLION'S OF PEOPLE HAVE READ:

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE "It's safer than Cocaine." "It could pass for cut coke"

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Photos by Gilmlin

Perfect Cola



Sound like the job you've been waiting for? Well, as you might imagine, you're not the only one. As a result, bud trimming is a closed field, as nearly impossible to break into as any Hollywood

union. I would never have had the opportunity, probably, were it not for my friend Roxy, and her friend Greg's getting the shit scared out of him.

What scared the shit out of Greg was a helicopter—a light, two-passenger, bubble-domed private helicopter—buzzing his marijuana patch, somewhere high on the slopes of Mount Haleakala. There tending his plants when he heard the helicopter approaching, Greg scrambled into the underbrush and watched as the aircraft hovered for a minute or two directly overhead, at an altitude of 30 feet. When it buzzed on its way, he hesitated only a minute: While he had heard stories about tourist helicopters hovering over jungle marijuana patches as part of their thrice-daily "Maui Highlights" routine, he'd likewise heard bloodcurdling stories about helicopter ripoffs. Calculating that his dope was only a week shy of harvest anyway, and that harvesting early would shave no more than 5 or 10 percent off his total profit, he went to work with his machete. Within a half hour not even a root remained.

Then Greg ran into another problem. His partner

and his old lady were on the mainland, and a lady whom he'd been depending on to help trim his buds was tied up for the next few days trimming someone else's buds. Only Roxy was available from his regular crew. So Greg was much less choosy than he ordinarily would've been, glad when Roxy offered to bring along a willing, helpful friend.

I had of course heard the rumors about bud-trimming parties: "all-night parties with dozens of girls and tons of coke," was how Mary Warner had put it; "self-indulgence and debauchery to an extreme," Skinny Minnie had complained indignantly, denouncing her ex-husband. It sounded wonderful. Roxy poked a gaping hole in that balloon, though, as she drove us toward Greg's. Not, she said, that she hadn't seen scenes go down at bud-trimming parties back in the good old bonanza days.

"A lot of guys who'd never had much luck with women before suddenly discovered that there are a lot of ladies around who—ladies who aren't ordinarily like that at all—who the sight of a big bag of coke makes them horny. These guys hired the ladies to trim their buds, got them away from their old men and higher than a kite. Coke 'em out, stone 'em out, rip 'em off from their old men."

"Is that so?" I asked, with what I meant to sound like polite disinterest.

But Roxy heard the tremor in my voice. "You needn't go getting your hopes up," she snorted. "Them days is gone forever." Nobody was harvesting those huge crops nowadays, she explained, like they had been back in the prehelicopter mid '60s. And the people who were into relatively large-scale growing these days tended to be far more businesslike about it than the space rangers of yesteryear. Although many of the decadent traditions were still kept up, she said, the modern bud-trimming operation had more the flavor of a sweatshop than a seraglio.

The place Roxy drove us to was unimpressive, a shabby cabin crouched at the end of a muddy, bone-rattling trail, surrounded by a half dozen wrecked motor vehicles and nearly engulfed by the encroaching jungle. The only sign of life as we drove up was a massive doberman, who attacked the car barking ferociously, and probably would've taken my arm off at the elbow had I not just in the nick of time rolled up my window. We were rescued by a tall, blond-bearded man with a shotgun, emerging from the shack and calling off the dog. He apologized for the unfriendly reception as we climbed tentatively from the car, assuring us that his dog would be cool. And he apologized again when, after tiptoeing circuitously across the yard, we arrived safely on the porch. "Sorry about the bad vibes," he said as Roxy introduced us. "But you can never tell who's going to come driving up."

Leading us inside and pouring us coffee, Greg told us about an incident last evening, when the dog had scared off a prowler. "He

was probably just a kid," he said, "snooping around to see if I had anything worth ripping off. But sometimes these kids are just scouts, looking for a big score to turn their big brothers on to. So you can't be too careful."

In the rear part of the house the sweet sound of Mozart and the sweet smell of buds filled the air. Seated cross-legged at a long, low table in the center of the room, before a mound of colas, a strikingly attractive, curly headed blonde beamed up at us as we entered. She offered us a hit on a fuming, finger-thick joint. "Hi, I'm Dove," she said.

The four of us sat around for 15 or 20 minutes, smoking dope so phenomenally resinous that it left an oily film on my teeth. Greg gave us a firsthand account of his helicopter



encounter and his feverish harvest. Explaining that he had used up all his coke in stoking himself through the crisis, he apologized for having none to get us started, and promised to turn some up before noon. Meanwhile, we were welcome to coffee, beer or anything in the fridge, and of course free to smoke as much as we wanted. Almost as an afterthought, then, he suggested we might want to trim some buds for him.

Trimming buds is a process that has until recently been unique to Hawaii's marijuana industry, a process that has been the hallmark of Hawaiian marijuana since the mid '70s, when Hawaii began to lose its monopoly on sinsemilla. What it consists of basically is removing the remaining leaves from the clusters of flowering tops after they have been harvested. There is a practical motive for it, because the leaves contain far more water than the flowering parts, and far less resin. Trimming them promotes quicker, more thorough, and more even curing of the buds, thus enhancing the taste of the final product.

But there are other, essentially cosmetic, motives at work here as well. To the practiced

eye of the connoisseur, a large, resinous, well-trimmed Hawaiian cola compares aesthetically to the ordinary funky wads of Colombian street weed as a voluptuous girl in a bikini compares to a bag lady in a moth-eaten cardigan. Even the most naive consumer can appreciate that a leafless bud is giving him more premium smoke for his premium dollar. Bud trimming is a tradition in the Maui wowie industry nearly as old and hallowed as the sinsemilla process itself. Today only the lowest grades of chemically grown canefield weed, or weed that has been misappropriated from its cultivator, are apt to reach the market untrimmed.

The institutionalization of the trimmed bud as the new standard of Maui wowie excellence has, predictably enough, provoked a whole new controversy among the island's growers surrounding just what constitutes a properly trimmed bud: how closely to trim it and when. And my first half hour in Greg's employ was an object lesson in just how much range there is for controversy. I thought Greg had gotten his before mixed up with his afters when I peeked into the first sack of colas he set before me for trimming. "Hey, these are already trimmed!" I cried.

Greg assured me that he'd made no mistake. Then, taking a cola from the sack and my scissors from my hand, he demonstrated his version of proper bud trimming... a demonstration that made my blood run cold. For the cola he used was a perfect example of a resinous flowering top, a textbook illustration of why Mexicans call them *colas de zorros* ("foxtails"). And the way he sliced into it, lopping off the looser young flowers and finger-sized wads of densely packed bud leaf, it was like watching a vandal run a nail the length of a new Porsche.

"I'm a fanatic about trimming," Greg admitted. "I trim leaf from the time a plant declares its sex. I trim my buds while they're still on the plants, a week or ten days before harvest, because I believe that the direct sun on the bracts is what brings the resin out. And after harvest I like to trim all the second-rate leafy buds right off my colas, right down the solid core. These buds here, because I had to take them early, they're just not as solid as I like them. So it's important to trim them close."

Describing himself as a strictly connoisseur grower, he explained that he sold all of his dope for export, in one lump to a broker from an East Coast city. "People here want to give me \$150 or \$200 for my best buds, but these same buds will sell on the East Coast for \$10 a joint. People who pay this much—I imagine them impressing their friends at parties, passing it around like people pass around lines of coke. It's cheap compared to coke."

There is a tiny hint of disdain in Greg's attitude toward his ultimate customer, yet there is a pride of workmanship in his whole approach to doing growing that more than counterbalances it. "I've spent years developing

this seed strain, and years learning how to cultivate, so that I can get these huge, satiny, densely packed bracts, and I want my customers to be able to see them. I sell my dope for over \$200 an ounce, a price that would embarrass me if I wasn't sure I was giving the very best for it. I figure that a guy paying that much shouldn't have to put up with any shake."

"But this shake looks pretty decent to me," I said hopefully. "You don't just throw it away, do you?"

Greg laughed. "I used to. Back in the old days, when there was a glut of buds on the market, nobody wanted to fuck with the leaf. I used to use it for mulch. But then people started saying to me—people from the

down to work.

There is, of course, a special charm about the job, in handling the beautiful colas, admiring them and inhaling their fragrance. But the magic began to fade after a couple of hours on the job. Four or five of Greg's joints had me so stoned that I had to concentrate to keep my eyes from crossing. Tender spots were developing on my right thumb and forefinger, where I gripped the scissors, and muscle aches were developing in my wrist and forearm. My left hand, meanwhile, which had been holding the buds as I trimmed them, was coated with a maddeningly sticky layer of waterproof resin. I realized exactly what it was—the raw material for *charas*, the most exotic Nepalese hashish—but it was as annoying and yucky on my palm as pine sap. At just about the time that \$10 stopped seeming to me like stealing money, and the term *sweat-shop* first began to creep into my private musings, Greg came around with the first round of refreshments.

Everybody perked right up when the coke arrived. And we perked up even more when we actually got to sample some. Got so perked up, as a matter of fact, that we could hardly sit still, and had to smoke another huge bomber before we could get back in gear. Once we *did* get in gear, though, we were in a careening full-on overdrive, trimming twice as fast and efficiently as before—or at least seeming to. Our employer and the fellow who'd brought the coke, another longtime Maui wowie grower named Benny, kept us stoked to the gills, entertaining us with tales of the bonanza:

"We did get mixed up in some fairly outrageous shit," admits Greg. "For a while there, being a big grower was sort of like being a movie producer."

"I could buy acres of land with the amount of money I've spent on whiff over the last five years," sighs Benny, even as he snorts a few more square feet. "I don't regret it, I had a good time," he insists, but feels compelled to justify it: "It was partly not being able to do anything else with the money. I definitely couldn't buy land or a new car, because I had no legal way of accounting for all that money—all in cash, remember. I spent it on plane fares, traveling, giving it away almost. Took people to dinner, everybody runs up a bill of \$100, buy a \$95 bottle of wine. Out to eat every day. Ah!"

"One good thing," Greg comments, "if the IRS should ever come snooping, there's nothing they could ask, 'Oh, where did you get the money for this?'"

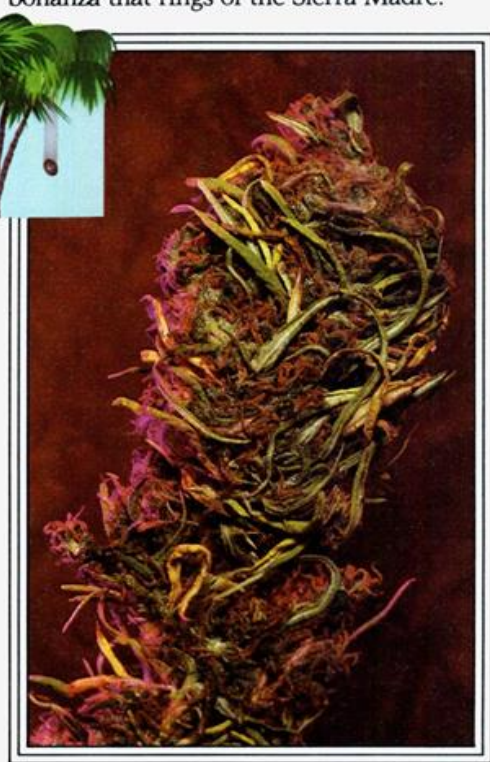
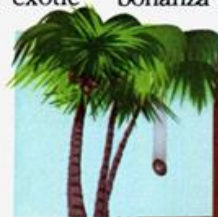
"We've had private parties at classy restaurants," Roxy recalls. "Special dishes, special services, the best wines... twenty people running up \$1,200 tabs. All paid off in pot."

"Dope is a standard medium of exchange on Maui," agrees Benny. "I've traded it for roads, cesspools, automobiles, plumbing, lawyer, dentist and doctor fees."

"Where but Maui," Roxy chuckles, "can you pay for your homeowner's insurance with buds?"

Greg and Benny will concede that many of their old cohorts had invested at least a portion of their profits wisely—in legitimate businesses, in real estate, and in housing. But they insist that they themselves, eking out a squeaky living, trying to pay off the mortgage on a postage-stamp building lot, are far more typical of their breed. Benny is baldly scornful of capitalism, especially as it involves real-estate speculation: "playing Monopoly with other people's houses," he calls it.

Greg contributes a tale of the Maui wowie bonanza that rings of the Sierra Madre:



"Dope is a standard medium of exchange on Maui. I've traded it for roads, cesspools, automobiles, plumbing, lawyer, dentist and doctor fees."

mainland—they'd say to me, 'You mean you throw this stuff away?' It was just raunchy old leaf as far as I was concerned, but it was stonier and fresher-tasting than the imported dope they were used to, and they didn't have to worry about paraquat poisoning."

Raunchy old leaf, I pointed out, wasn't a particularly apt description of what was raining from his scissors.

Greg admitted it. "When I was using leaf for mulch, I had a completely different standard of leaf trimming. I didn't get tuned into producing a really hard bud until a few years ago, about the time the market opened up for leaf. Being able to get something for bud leaf makes me willing to trim more of it off my colas. So both the bud smoker and the leaf smoker end up smoking better dope."

With this happy rationale to stiffen my resolve, I took my scissors in hand. Soon I was turning big fluffy foxtails into knotty little foxfeet as deftly and professionally as Roxy and Dove. Greg, satisfied that I could be trusted not to cheat his customers, went off to do some telephone business. I settled

"One guy buried some eighteen grand in bills in jars out in the jungle. But he got so coked out that he forgot where he buried it, and couldn't find it. When finally, several months later, he did find it, some kind of moisture or jungle rot had gotten in there. The money just disintegrated when he touched it."

When Greg and Benny begin to talk about the future, they are some of the few commercial growers around who aren't blindly pessimistic.

"The thing that most encourages me, as a freak," says Benny, "is that the awareness and techniques of growing it have become so widespread. We don't have to depend on Mexico or Colombia for our dope anymore, and we don't have to worry about some dumb government shutting off the supply. Now they can *never* eradicate us!"

"There's no question," says Greg, "that the Maui wowie business was more profitable back before they started growing sinsemilla in California. And when they start growing it in Louisiana, that's going to cut into our profitability even more. But I feel

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THERE'S A tale they tell at Military Intelligence in London, when the candles gutter low and the fog curls about the windows. It happened in 1914 (they say), when England was losing the first world war and it seemed only a miracle could save her. There was this writer bloke (they say), name of Arthur Machen, never popular or well known, a bloody Welshman in fact and a mystic to boot. Well (they say), this Welshman, this Machen, took it into his head to write a story about the kind of miracle England needed, so he imagined St. George himself leading a group of medieval archers to aid the English troops at Mons. And after the story was published in a magazine, some enterprising newspapers picked it up and reprinted it as fact. And (they say) the whole damned country was gullible enough to believe it. It did as much for national morale as the real miracle would have.

What is even weirder is the sequel—and the chaps at Military Intelligence only discuss this when the candles gutter quite low and the fog is very thick, of course. Soldiers at the front, in Mons, began claiming that they had actually *seen* the phantom archers created out of Machen's imagination. They insisted on it. Some of them were still insisting on it 40 years later. They said they had won the battle because of this supernatural assistance.

Fair gives you a turn, doesn't it?

Stranger still: Machen, the man with the contagious imagination, was a member of a secret society in London. This was known as the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, and it claimed to know the long-hidden secrets of Cabalistic magic.

There were several other members of the Golden Dawn who made a bit of a name. Florence Farr, one of the great actresses of the period, was a member, and it was she who gave Bernard Shaw the ideas about life-energy and longevity dramatized in *Back to Methuselah*; those ideas are currently influencing life-extension research. Algernon Blackwood and Bram Stoker (Dracula's creator) were members; so was the coroner of London; so was an electrical engineer named Alan Bennett who later, as Ananda Maitreya, played a key role in introducing Buddhist ideas to the West.

The egregious Aleister Crowley, who claimed to have come to earth to destroy Christianity, was a member for a while, and I know a good World War I story about him, too. It was Crowley's habit to give his pupils a word to meditate on every year. In 1918, Crowley gave them a number instead of a word: 11. All year his pupils meditated on 11 for at least a half hour every day. . . And the war ended on the 11th minute of the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month.

Did you feel another queer flash then?

The most famous Golden Dawn alumnus, however, was the great Irish poet, William Butler Yeats. In 1894 Yeats predicted that "the right pupils will be drawn to (the Golden Dawn) by dreams and visions and strange accidents. . . ."

CABALA, THE working philosophy behind the Golden Dawn, is the science of "strange accidents"—which are known as "mere coincidences" to the rationalist or "synchronicities" to Jungian psychologists.

Cabala (also spelled Qabala or Kaballah) was either taught by God to Adam in the Garden of Eden, according to its own tradition, or was invented by a group of rabbis c. A.D. 200 as a means of transmitting the esoteric inner teachings of Judaism after

element; sheer chance (or, the more vehement rationalists will anthropomorphically say, "*blind chance*") happens to have produced trees, through natural selection, over many aeons. The fact that we exist is, to this philosophy, a total *accident*, a very strange coincidence.

And, to the same rationalist, Arthur Machen's imagination has no real connection with what was happening on the battlefield at Mons. The magical link between Machen's imagination and the "collective hallucination" of the soldiers is just coincidence—like the magical link between us and the trees.

To the Cabalist, the rationalist sounds like a man found in a closet by a jealous husband, who hopefully explains, "Just by coincidence, while you were away on business I happened to wander into this closet without my clothes on. . . ."

To the Cabalist, the whole universe is a network of *meaningful* connections. *The seemingly coincidental is as full of meaning as anything else.* To begin thinking like a Cabalist you must regard everything as being just as important as everything else. All that *seems* "accidental," "meaningless," "chaotic," "weird," "nonsensical," et cetera is as significant as what seems lawful, orderly and comprehensible.

An elementary Cabalistic training technique is to try every day to "regard every incident and event as a direct communication between God and your soul." Even the license plates on passing cars are such communications—or can be *considered* as such—by the devout Cabalist.

Some will be thinking of Freud at this point; and indeed Nathan Fodor points out in *Freud, Jung and the Occult* that Freud was heavily influenced by a friend who was a Cabalist. The "dreams, visions and strange accidents" that Yeats thought would bring people into

the ambience of the Golden Dawn are all Freudian "unconscious material."

A more modern metaphor is to be found in current neurology, which points out that the brain is divided into two hemispheres. The left hemisphere is where we do most of our conscious thinking, and it is *linear*; it breaks things down into sequences of A-causes-B, B-causes-C, and so forth. The right hemisphere, on the contrary, thinks in gestalt—meaningful wholes, comprehensive systems.

Cabala, like dope, is a deliberate attempt to overthrow the linear left brain and allow the contents of the holistic right brain to flood the field of consciousness. When you are walking down the street and every license plate seems part of one continuous message—one endless narrative—you are thinking like a very advanced theoretical Cabalist. (Or else you're stoned out of your gourd.) *continued*

Cabala

Tasting the Forbidden Fruit of the Tree of Life

by Robert Anton Wilson

the fall of Jerusalem and the Dispersion. Among the prominent medieval and Renaissance philosophers who were Cabalists one can mention Raymond Lull, Cornelius Agrippa, Giordano Bruno, Dr. John Dee, Pico della Mirandola and Isaac Newton. Cabala became unfashionable in the 18th century and did not begin to make a comeback until the Brain Explosion of the 1960s—the drug culture, the consciousness movement, the importation of Oriental mind-sciences, the popularity of Jung and Leary and Castaneda.

One way to get into the Cabalistic head space is to reflect long and hard on the singular fact that we could not live—could not *breathe*, in fact—without the trees busily pumping oxygen into the air. Yet the trees are not "thinking" about producing life-support for us. To the rationalist, it seems that our need for oxygen has no real connection with the trees' production of that

Practical Cabala (or Cabalistic magic) is the art of utilizing such holistic perception to create effects that will seem like "strange accidents" to the non-Cabalist.

A legendary example concerns an incident when the king of Poland was being urged by his advisers to authorize a pogrom against the Jews. One old Hasidic rabbi—and the Hasidic rabbis spend most of their time studying Cabala—sat down, on hearing of this, and pretended to be writing something; but he did not write. Instead, he deliberately knocked his bottle over three times. His students, who saw this, thought the old man was getting a bit funny in the head. Then, a few days later, came news from the capital: The king had tried to sign the order for the pogrom three times, and each time he had—by "strange accident"—knocked over his ink bottle. "I can't sign this," the king finally exclaimed. "God is against it!"

EVERY ORIENTAL culture has some equivalent to Cabala—some neuroscience of meditations, visualizations and yogic contortions calculated to shift consciousness, or part of consciousness, from the usually overactive left hemisphere to the usually underactive right hemisphere. Cabala differs from all these Oriental disciplines in being as systematic as any natural science—although far weirder.

The system of Cabala is contained in a kind of ontological periodic table of elements (see illustration). The purpose of this diagram has been nicely defined by the eminent contemporary Cabalist (and Jungian psychologist) Dr. Israel Regardie, who describes it as "a mnemonic system of psychology... to train the Will and Imagination."

The tree, as you can see, is made up of ten circles, called *lights*, and 22 paths connecting the lights. Each light represents a separate level of consciousness, and hence a separate level of "reality." That is, to the Cabalist, each perceived reality is a function of the level of consciousness which perceives it, and how much reality you can absorb depends on how rich your consciousness is.

The paths, which are more technical than the lights, are techniques for getting from one light (one level of awareness) to another.

The aim of the Cabala is to always know which "light" you are in, which is the level of consciousness that is creating what you are perceiving; and then to know the paths, or tricks, to get from one light (perceived reality) to another.

Dion Fortune, a Cabalist who also practiced psychoanalysis under her birth name, Violet Wirth, sums it all up by saying Cabala is "the art of causing change in consciousness by act of will."

The Tree of Life may be regarded as a

map of those parts of consciousness which (a) are active in everybody—the lower parts of the tree; and (b) those which are only active in various orders of adepts—the higher parts of the tree.

The pragmatic theory of Cabala is that each action creates a new "universe," each experiment creates a new experimenter, each dance creates a new dancer. We are growing and evolving all the time, without noticing it usually; but at certain crucial points we can make a mental quantum jump to a level of awareness that puts us in a new reality we have never noticed before. Each of the lights on the Tree of Life represents such a quantum jump.

Concretely, we all start out in Malkuth, at the bottom of the tree, which represents the

and the other to Netzach, which is the strategy of the ordinary religionist (Jerry Falwell, say).

According to Cabala, both the rationalist and the vulgar religionist are unbalanced; in modern neurological language, the rationalist leans too much on the left brain and the religionist too much on the right brain. The synthesis, or balancing, brings you to the Middle Pillar and is represented by the light called Tiphareth—which charmingly enough means "beauty" in English.

Looking at the tree, you can see that the rationalist has a different path to Tiphareth from that of the religionist. The rationalist must go the path of *nun* ("fish") and the religionist the path of *ayin* ("eye"). Any book on Cabala will tell you what *nun* and *ayin* imply in terms of the psychological transformation involved. Fortunately, the tarot cards were either created or revised by a Cabalist and the meanings of *nun* and *ayin* are vividly conveyed to the unconscious by the two cards called, respectively, Death and the Devil.

Anybody with even a rudimentary knowledge of psychology can grasp part of what is meant here—the rationalist must "make friends with" Death and the religionist with the Devil. This is what Jung means when he says each man must face his own shadow.

(Every path on the tree has a tarot card illustrating it, and the quickest way to make the tree clear to your unconscious is to lay out the cards representing the paths between each light. The next step is to redesign the cards in terms of your own understanding. Some Cabalists redesign the tarot every two or three years, as their understanding grows.)

Tiphareth, the balanced center between *and above* both rationalism and religion, means beauty, as we said above. It is the first light that

does not appear in normal, statistically average consciousness, and is identified with everything we mean by rebirth or awakening. It is *dhyana* in the Hindu system, "Buddha-mind" in Buddhism, the "New Adam" in St. Paul's epistles, Cosmic Christ Consciousness to Christian Cabalists. It represents a total reorganization of the psyche for a higher level of functioning than most humans ever attain. When Dr. Timothy Leary says gnomically that "the nervous system sees no color, feels no pain," he means that the nervous system on *this level* sees no color, feels no pain. You are floating, and this is the first light on the tree that really feels like a light. Acidheads will *know*.

Above Tiphareth are two more unbalanced lights called Geburah and Chesed. Roughly, Geburah is the stage of Nietzsche's superman: he who is much more conscious than ordinary people *and knows* it. In George Lucas's symbolism, Geburah

Some Important Cabalistic Numbers

23 Death/rebirth; a new beginning.

26 Jehovah (Yhvh, in Hebrew). The combination of *achad*, "unity" (13) + *ahabah*, "love" (13). Ergo, Jehovah equals love plus unity.

31 *La*, "nothing"; *Al*, "God"; *Sht*, "the root of Satan". A dark doctrine is concealed here.

56 *Nu*, the ancient Semitic star-goddess.

65 *Adonai*, "the Lord." Said by pious Jews instead of the forbidden Yhvh. That this number equals 56 (*nu*) backwards is said by some to "prove" that the male and female aspects of divinity are complementary.

72 The number of letters in the most forbidden of all names of God, which only very advanced Cabalists know. That the pyramid on the dollar bill has 72 divisions is said to refer to a secret Cabalistic-Freemasonic doctrine.

lowest level of awareness. This is what Freud called the oral stage: We simply drift and wait to be fed. Alcoholics, opiate addicts and most of the people on welfare for "psychological" reasons represent this state in its pure form, but we all contain it and relapse into it under sufficient stress. "I can't cope; somebody come help me." Hear the infant's shrill cry, "Maaa-Maaa!" and you know what Malkuth is all about.

Above this is Yesod, the area of strong ego-awareness and what Gurdjieff called conscious suffering. This is where you struggle to be a real mensch, to be honorable, responsible, and self-sufficient. If you never get beyond this, you become what doctors called Type A and are a good bet for an early heart attack.

There are two ways to transcend Yesod's struggles. One takes you to Hod, which can be called the tactic of the rationalist (Dr. Carl Sagan will serve as a model for this),

means "being seduced by the dark side of the Force." It needs to be balanced by Chesed, which is humility in the deepest, more ego-destroying sense. In Castaneda's lingo, Geburah is "taking responsibility" and Chesed is doing so while always remembering that "you are no more important than the coyote."

Geburah says "I am God"; Chesed says, "And so is everybody else—and everything else!"

There are three more lights on the tree. These are known as the supernals and are much further from ordinary human consciousness than Tiphareth, Geburah or Chesed. Many Cabalists say that you cannot reach the supernals without the direct help of the Almighty. Even with such divine aid, reaching the supernals is known as "crossing the abyss" and is regarded as fraught with peril.

The first two supernals are Chokmah and Binah. You will note on the diagram that they are both unbalanced—off the Middle Pillar. Basically, Chokmah is direct contact with the masculine aspect of "God" and corresponds to whatever you associate with Jehovah, Jupiter, Brahma, Zeus, et cetera. Binah is direct contact with the female side of divinity and corresponds to Venus, Ishtar, Kali or the White Goddess that Robert Graves is always writing about. Cabala says that each of these Close Encounters has to be "balanced." That is, you have to get beyond both Big Daddy and Big Mommy to arrive at the ultimate light, Kether, the balanced center of all consciousness, which is beyond gender, beyond space, beyond time, beyond words and beyond all categories. In short, Kether is exactly what all the Oriental mystics are seeking: pure consciousness without a blemish of emotion, idea or image, and therefore infinite and formless.

CABALA IS very complicated and very, very intricate; the above sketch is no more than a hint of what the Tree of Life contains, on about the level of a discussion of chemistry that tells you there are eight families of elements but does not go on to list the elements in each family. To discuss Cabala fully requires many books; and indeed there is one good-sized book, *Liber 777*, by Aleister Crowley, which consists only of listing the elements in each light and path of the tree, and *Liber 777* consists of 155 pages with four columns on each page.

The purpose of such lists is to design rituals, and the purpose of rituals is to program your own experience as you navigate from one light to another. As Tim Leary once said, "Ritual is to the inner sciences what experiment is to the outer sciences." Cabalists agree.

For instance, suppose you have had a

very powerful experience of the Punishing Father aspect of God, such as John Calvin once had. Within the orthodox Judeo-Christian tradition, you might take this literally and proceed, as Calvin did, to establish a new religion. As a Cabalist, you will recognize it as a Chokmah experience and know that it needs to be balanced by a Binah experience.

You then look on the Tree of Life for a path from Chokmah to Binah. That turns out to be *daleth* ("door"), which corresponds to the Empress card in the tarot. If you look at the Empress you will immediately note that she happens to be a pregnant woman sitting in a field surrounded by vegetation. That should tell your unconscious what the path of *daleth* means. (By a

have had enough experiences with Cabala to have developed a powerful will and imagination, you should achieve Binah, the vision of the All-Loving Mother.

Similarly, there are favorable days, and perfumes, and geometric figures, and other accessories, for every type of brain change operation. Sunday is best for Tiphareth (Christ consciousness), Monday for Yesod (building a stronger ego), Tuesday for Geburah (accumulating power), Wednesday for Hod (wisdom), Thursday for Netzsch (moral strength), Friday for Binah and Saturday for Chokmah.

This is only the skeleton of Cabala, however. Real Cabalistic practice consists of so familiarizing yourself with all the correspondences on the Tree of Life that every-

thing you experience is filed and indexed by your brain as a Cabalistic "message." Thus, if you walk out the door and see a palm tree, you immediately (by self-conditioning with Cabala) think of Venus and Hermes—because door is *daleth* is Venus, and palm is *beth* is Hermes. If you see a license plate with 333 on it, you remember that that is the number of egotism and deception, and you must ask what egotism and deception remains in yourself. In short, nothing is trivial; nothing is insignificant; nothing is meaningless. The whole universe, as Crowley says, becomes a continuous ritual of initiation.

A Zen Master was once asked, "What is Zen?" "Attention," he replied. "Is that all?" asked the inquirer. "Attention," the Zen Master repeated. "Won't you say anything else?" persisted the questioner. "Attention," said the Master, one more time.

Cabala creates attention by using the Tree of Life to "key" every possible impression to one of the lights or paths and hence to a stage in the evolution of consciousness. The world becomes—as it was to

Plato and Mary Baker Eddy and Sir Humphrey Davy when he tried nitrous oxide—*nothing but ideas*.

THEORETICAL CABALA is much concerned with words and numbers, and indeed insists that every word is a number. This is literally true in Hebrew, because all Hebrew letters are numbers, and the number of a word is the number obtained by adding its separate letters together. Cabala claims that any words having the same number are in some sense identical or "in correspondence with" each other.

For instance, *achad* (I am writing the Hebrew as if it were English, for simplicity's sake) has the value of 13. So does *ahebah*. What does this mean? Well, *achad* translates as "unity" and *ahebah* as "love"; so by the mathematical theorem that things equal to the same thing are equal to each

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93 *Thelema*, "will"; also *agape*, "love." The most powerful of all numbers in the Cabala of Aleister Crowley; said to dominate the New Aeon which allegedly began in 1904.

111 *Aleph*, the first Hebrew letter, spelled in full. That *aleph* as letter equals 1 and *aleph* as word equals 111 contains a profound secret for Christian Cabalists.

333 *Choronzon*, a "mighty demon." Spirit of lies and selfishness.

666 The Sun; the Anti-Christ, in St. John's Revelations; Aleister Crowley's number for himself.

777 The number of all lights and paths on the Tree of Life.

888 The number of Jesus Christos, Jesus Christ.

3910 *Brashith Alhim*, "In the beginning, God..." First two words of Genesis. Also the number of years, if you count the ages of all the patriarchs given in the Old Testament, from Adam to Jesus, i.e., from fall to redemption. One of the classic "proofs" that the Bible is written in code and can only be deciphered by those who know Cabala.

"strange accident" or "mere coincidence" the Empress card, in most tarot decks, contains the women's-liberation symbol and always has, long before there was a feminist movement. That should help jar your consciousness.)

If the Empress card doesn't tell you enough, you look up *daleth* in any Cabalistic textbook, such as Crowley's *777*. You will find that *daleth* is "in correspondence with" such things as the planet Venus, the color emerald green, the swan, the rose, sandalwood incense, the heptagram (seven-sided polygon), et cetera, and is most powerful on Friday. Thus, to get from Chokmah to Binah, you construct a ritual—a dramatized mind-change operation—to be performed within a heptagram, on Friday evening as Venus is rising, using emerald green decorations, roses, swan feathers and sandalwood incense. If you follow all these correspondences, and know how to write rituals, and

You are alone on vacation, about to score a moderate amount of cocaine. In a matter of minutes you'll be forking over the better part of \$300 to a person you've never seen before and in all probability will never see again. You have no melt-point tester, chemistry set or clorox. What will you do? What *will* you do?

Such situations are not uncommon. Every year countless Americans are being burned unnecessarily because they've failed to acquaint themselves with a handful of tests that require only the use of their common perceptual senses. Understand that owing to the sophisticated nature of the coke business, nothing short of a laboratory setup will tell you exactly what you're getting; but these tests can help you spot certain types of cuts, thus greatly diminishing your chances of getting beat even when dealing with strangers.

Let's begin with sight (how the product looks to you). The major indicator in this regard will be the consistency of the crystal formation. It's been said that coke crystals are like snowflakes, each being similar but no two looking exactly alike. If you can spot *major* structural variations between crystals (and if they're there you'll see 'em plain as day), it's proof of a heavily and clumsily cut product. Also, be on the lookout for groups of crystals that look identical (Inositol, for instance, has a longish, rectangular shape), a clear sign that adulterate has been added to your goods. Another indicator will be the amount of rocks as opposed to the amount of duff or shake you're getting. It's less likely that the rocks have been cut, so the smaller amount of duff you see the better your chances of getting good blow.

Now, some cocaine may have been reconstituted in the lab. Reconstitution is a process whereby a pure product is broken down then adulterates are added to it, making it impossible to distinguish crystal variation. In this case, check for the density of the product. A rock of high-grade coke will be much lighter than you'd expect it to be. Check for a light and aerated appearance (but not fluffy—an indicator of mannite) and you'll up your chances of getting decent stuff.

Good cocaine will come apart in micalike chips or layers evincing a lattice structure. When cut with a razor blade (except in uncommonly humid weather) it should crumble and be rather brittle. Moistness may mean the product has been stepped on recently. By the way, if you drop one of those little chips on a mirror, you should hear a tilelike click and not a dull thud (honestly, you'll be able to hear the difference between good and bad snort). Crush up a little lady and push it along a mirror with a blade; when you lift the blade you should get a uniform line that doesn't appear clumpy. (Clumping, as well as the presence of a filmy trace on the mirror, will usually mean that the stuff has been hit with mannite.) Look also for a uniform off-white color with a bit of a pearl luster as opposed to a harsh, bleached-out brightness. Though age can dull the color of the worst coke, this off-whiteness will generally mean better stuff.

Everybody and his brother

knows about tasting coke, right? You put a bit on the tip of your tongue, and it should taste bitter and then begin numbing your mouth. Wrong. First off, you dab the toot on the side of your tongue, where you have a better range of taste buds. Secondly, the old "If it's sweet, it's beat" axiom doesn't tell the whole story anymore, owing to the use of caffeine cuts, which are bitter as hell. In fact, they're so bitter that you should have no trouble in distinguishing between the "good" bitterness of coke and the "bad" bitterness of the caffeine cut. Also, once snorted, caffeine-cut blow will give you a pain in the center of your skull that'll send your penis to Venus. Thirdly, if after you dab some snort in your mouth it immediately begins to get numb, you're dealing with another member of the *caine* family (procaine, lidocaine, tetracaine, etc.). It should take at least 30 to 45 seconds before you start to feel a freezing sensation in your mouth. That's right: *freezing* not *numbing* (what do you want, to get high or have your teeth filled?).

Well, let's see, we've done sight, sound, taste. . . Touch is next and that means the skin absorption test. Take a pinch of marching powder and rub it lightly across the underside of your wrist. If what you're buying is worthwhile, it should be completely absorbed into the skin leaving only a slight oily film. (Remember, to get you high cocaine has got to penetrate your nasal membranes and find its way into your bloodstream.) Most of the commonly used cuts will not be absorbed and will feel gritty on the skin.

Nose burning? I'm glad you asked. Top-drawer disco dust washed in a pharmaceutical ether should not burn your nose at all. Much more common, owing to its price and availability, is acetone-washed flake, which, even though sometimes primo, will burn, but the sensation will quickly fade. Crank, on the other hand, like the crushed-up black beauties wrapped in toilet paper being sold on the streets as "righteous blow," will rip through your proboscis like Japanese horseradish.

Not to conclude on a down note, but if you're into buying a gram at a time, the odds are high that the stuff's been hit a bunch before it got to you. Beware of bargain-basement blow: No one gets Gucci boots at Thom McAn prices. At 75 bucks a gram expect to get exactly what you've paid for. Unless, of course, you're dealing with a very close connection—like your mother or something. Even then I'd be skeptical. And dealing with a stranger further reduces your chances of getting your money's worth.

On quality coke your mind doesn't race, your teeth don't clench and your stomach doesn't growl. It may be worth your while to invest some money and familiarize yourself with all the bogus caines that are being sold, so that you'll be able to recognize them when and if (God forbid) you find them in the shit you've scored. Another idea is when you do come across some stuff that you think is the cat's pajamas, take note of its various characteristics—how it felt, tasted and looked. Because no matter how sophisticated things

become, all you really need to ensure that you're getting the real thing is your eyes, fingers, nose, tongue and a pocketful of money. Then, of course, you just gotta pray that the guy you're copping from isn't gonna stuff your remains in a 55-gallon drum and drop you in a toxic waste dump somewhere in south Jersey. But that's a story with a spine of its own and better left unsaid. □

BY DAVID GOLD

FIELD

TESTING



PLEASURES



Antique blouse courtesy FDR Drive, New York, NY.

SNUFF



Photos by David Armstrong

PLEASURES

Snuff is nothing to sneeze at. The Arawak took it and saw God. Course those crafty South American tribesmen mixed a little Piptadenia peregrina or yopo or even yagé into their powdered tobacco for chromatic effect. A half million Britons still take snuff, albeit without the exotic additives. They still see Margaret Thatcher.

The snuff you'll encounter in your local tobacco shop is fortified with nothing more mind-bending than menthol or cinnamon. Still, snuff is a heady stimulant: Snorting is the most efficient way to ingest nicotine free of the byproducts of smoking cancer sticks—tars, carbon monoxide and other compounds associated with being stuck in traffic behind a bus.

And snuff is such an elegant habit. The refined snuff of England is Smith's (opposite, bottom), available here through Caswell-Massey, Dept. 124 HT, 111 Eighth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011. Smith's come in 16 scents, from sandalwood to cafe royale; in flat disc,

\$1.25; or 1 oz. jar, \$6. Horn box, \$25. Send \$1 for catalog.

On the banks of the Amazon the locals do it up through elaborate tooters made of bone. But unless you know a headhunter with a femur to spare, you'd do well to start collecting the dandified accoutrements marketed for the purpose. Below, a selection, all prices postpaid: (top row, from left) Zipper Survival kit, \$15, Brother Bob Productions, P.O. Box 1868, Dept. HT, Hollywood, Cal. 90068; tooled leather kit with Mexican onyx stone, zippered, \$22.95, Quetzal Imports, 5601 Bintliff #505, Dept. HT, Houston, Tex. 77036; Mini Survival Kit, \$5, from Brother Bob; Delux Survival Kit, split hide case, \$12, from Brother Bob; kit in suede case with onyx, \$16, from Quetzal Imports.

Bottom row, from left: Survival Kit, \$8, from Brother Bob; Desk Set with onyx inset, available in agate, \$25 COD, TLP Creations, P.O. Box 821, Dept. HT, Pearl River, N.Y. 10965; tooled cowhide kit with onyx, \$18, from Quetzal Imports.



HIGH INTERIORS



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Alone Together

by Eleanore Kennedy

Dave Mason's career practically traces the history of rock—from his sessions way back when with the Spencer Davis Group to the formation of Traffic to credits on the Stones' *Beggar's Banquet* and George Harrison's *All Things Must Pass*. The release this spring of *The Best of Dave Mason* (Columbia) confirms his status as a rock aristocrat. This, then, is the view from the Top 40.

The view is provided by *Environmental Communications*, the talented collective responsible for *Musical Homes: Homes and Secret Retreats of Music Stars* (Philadelphia: Running Press), a recently published investigation into the rock 'n' roll elite. Their conclusive report will wove even the most jaded pop aficionados.

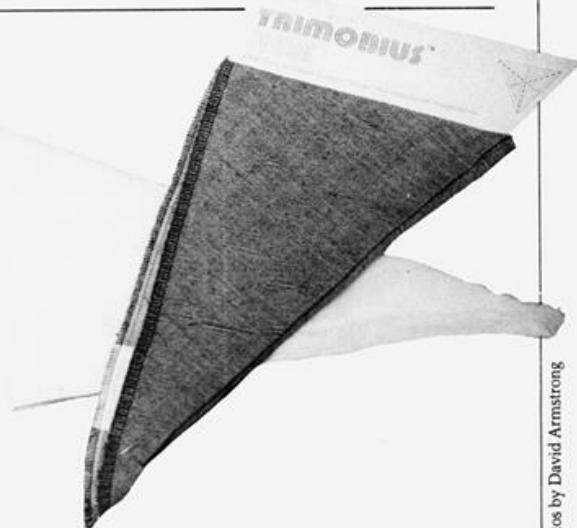
Dave Mason's Spanish-style Villa Mariposa is located in the center of the legendary Mariposa de Oro, the Southern California region where thousands of golden swallowtail butterflies swarm at mating season. Mason bought the villa in 1976, but until he met his artist-designer wife, Danalis, it was, he says, "just an empty bachelor pad." Danalis furnished the villa herself, carrying through the butterfly motif in handmade batiks, drapes and lacework. In addition to the enormous structure shown here, the estate houses a miniature zoo that includes a Nubian goat and Danalis's Arabian horse.

Wow indeed. Is this what Adam and the Ants have to look forward to?

Clockwise from upper right: The Spanish-style villa is built around six open courts and a classical Roman pool. Middle right: Dave and Danalis at their wedding. Lower right: Danalis's handmade draperies soften the master bedroom. Lower left: Detail of the portico. Middle and upper left: Danalis tried to preserve the villa's Spanish flavor while softening its dimensions.

Godel, Escher, Pitzel

The inventor of the Trimobius, Michael Pitzel, argues it is a four-dimensional object. (Geometrically, it's a three-dimensional Mobius strip.) But even those who don't speak geometric can see it's a pocket with no inside, no outside, and plenty of space in between. Will it prove to have as many uses as, say, the geodesic dome? It's too early to tell, but right now this shmatte is on sale as the "smuggler's handkerchief," a sort of stash you can wear. In denim or dress model. \$5.60 ppd. Trimobius, P.O. Box 2025, La Mesa, Cal. 92041.



Return to NORMLcy

High in America: The True Story behind NORML and the Politics of Marijuana, by Patrick Anderson, New York: Viking, \$13.95.

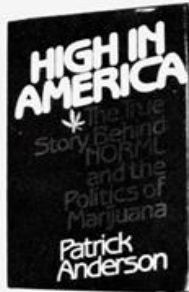
For most of the '70s, Keith Stroup was so closely identified with NORML that the press dubbed him Mr. Marijuana. Here is a gossip account of his eight-year career at the helm of the pot lobby, from NORML's inception in 1971 to his resignation in 1978. From the perspective of the central figure in the legalize-it drive, author Anderson presents an insider's look at the personalities drawn into the marijuana maelstrom.

In the course of Stroup's forays into Playboy mansions east and west—in increasingly successful efforts to obtain seed money from the Playboy Foundation—we learn how reefer madness came to touch the insulated world of Hugh Hefner. Anderson recounts the tragic story of Stroup's relationship with Bobby Arnstein, the Hefner aide hounded to suicide by a Justice Department investigation of her boss that led to her conviction and 15-year jail sentence. And here are all the figures that

Stroup, the image maker and bridge builder for the pot lobby, tried to draw into his fragile coalition, including some of the most-desirable-to-be-dropped names in the counterculture: HIGH TIMES founder Tom Forcade, Hunter Thompson, Chip Carter.

The author tries to lay to rest the "informer" charge that arose in the wake of the Bourne affair and ultimately forced Stroup to resign. Stroup, readers may recall, supposedly tipped off the Washington Post to the coke-snorting incident involving Carter adviser Dr. Peter Bourne; the resulting scandal toppled the White House aide. Whether or not Stroup was an "informer" is hardly the issue. Although he refused to be a source on the Post story, by Anderson's account he did provide the reporter with deep background and the names of two witnesses to the Bourne incident who agreed to be sources. And they just happened to be, at that time, HIGH TIMES employees.

Anderson's frankly partisan version of *The Keith Stroup Story* is hardly a definitive history. But *High in America* makes for racy reading about the people and incidents that matter to a generation of heads.



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INTERVIEW: GEORGE ROMERO

continued from page 39

pictures. I like to see well-crafted, visceral films. And I love genre stuff. I just love it.

HIGH TIMES: Some examples?

ROMERO: I love jungle movies. I love Tarzan movies. I go to see a lot of horror films, a lot of science fiction. I like to see action films, adventure stuff. I like to escape.

HIGH TIMES: I guess I'm asking about individual pictures.

ROMERO: My cassette library is: *Citizen Kane*, *War of the Worlds*, *Frankenstein*, both the *Draculas*—the Lugosi *Dracula* and the Langella *Dracula*—*Alien*, *Close Encounters*, *Jaws*... I have real eclectic tastes. I mean, I like films for weird reasons. Some movies work... and I don't really even care why. Polanski's stuff I like a lot. I like *Rosemary's Baby*; I love *Repulsion*. I like Welles, all the early Welles stuff.

HIGH TIMES: How come you never made a jungle movie? Would you like to?

ROMERO: Oh, absolutely. And I will.

HIGH TIMES: I've got a problem here, because of the magazine. Somehow I have to get sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll into this interview—and for about a half hour I've been trying to think of the proper question. I have to get it in, and I'm stumped. Do you have—

FORREST: Sex and drugs!

HIGH TIMES: Sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll... Well, that's the game, you know.

ROMERO: Well, rock 'n' roll is one of the values that are—

HIGH TIMES: Like *Knightriders*?

ROMERO:—gone.

HIGH TIMES: So much for that. Can you tell me something about your next movie, *Creepshow*? Is that another independent production?

ROMERO: It's an independent production that's being financed by UATC—by United Film. It's Stephen King. It's a pure horror thing. It's something that Steve and I have been having a lot of fun contemplating. I think it's going to be fun. It's very traditional; it's a fun horror movie. It's—I don't know how else to put it—it's an EC comic book. It's an anthology; it's five stories and they're linked together as the five stories in a comic book—which we see on screen, pages blowing and all that.

HIGH TIMES: Remember Dr. Frederick Wertham? He's the guy who wrote *Seduction of the Innocent* and claimed that all the EC horror comics created warped, degenerate juvenile delinquents.

ROMERO: So, maybe they did. Maybe they did create warps. I used to love them. I wasn't allowed to read them. So I did.

HIGH TIMES: Do your parents see your movies?

ROMERO: Yeah, they do.

HIGH TIMES: Do they like them?

ROMERO: They say they like them, but I'm sure they don't.

HIGH TIMES: So, now you're making an EC horror comic yourself. You met Stephen

King around the time of *Salem's Lot*—when they were adapting that for TV?

ROMERO: Essentially... I mean, yeah, we just really hit it off. We've become real good friends. You know, he's another guy who—He lives in Maine; he stays away. We're having a good time, man.

HIGH TIMES: What's happening with *The Stand*?

ROMERO: Steve is now finished with the second draft of the screenplay, and I haven't read it yet.

HIGH TIMES: And you have the screenplay in hand for *Creepshow*?

ROMERO: *Creepshow* is finished. *Creepshow* is ready. *Creepshow* we're going to start to shoot in July. *The Stand* is a very expensive film—and Steve and I both sort of agree that if we can't make the right kind of a deal on it, we'd rather not do it at all.

HIGH TIMES: How expensive?

ROMERO: We haven't done a budget on it yet. But if you read the book... it's huge. It's really huge. I mean, I think it's in the fifteen- or twenty-million-dollar range. And that's without the frills. No frills. I mean, we're not looking to get a big budget so we can drive the staff around in tanks, and make sure that everyone gets a dope allotment or anything like that. We're into enough money to make the film right; otherwise, the film shouldn't be made. Or it should be made for television in four parts—and neither of us wants to do that.

HIGH TIMES: Too many compromises?

ROMERO: Oh, yeah. Yeah. You still can't... Unfortunately, there's no format—until HBO or disc or cassette or something that's strong enough to support the production costs, we're still in trouble. It's not a viable medium; I mean, it's not for an artist. Even something like *Shogun*: fairly successful, but not... You have too much to deal with: Standards and practices, and all that bullshit. There are just too many things involved. And let alone the problems on the creative side, then you have the whole legal department. And then you have the question of whether or not the network will air it; and you've got twenty lawyers looking at it to decide what needs to go out. My hope is for the video disc, man—where there are enough disc players out there that you can go shoot something and press a thousand copies and sell them out on the street corner. You know: contact the audience.

It's the distribution mechanism that fucks it up. More so than the production mechanism; more than the studio. The distribution mechanism is so fucked up that you cannot compete. You're not going to cut through the white noise unless you've got a six-million-dollar advertising campaign. You're not going to make any money anymore unless you can distribute fifteen-hundred prints at a crack across the country. I mean, I'm talking in their terms. It's real hard to regionally distribute something... I mean, it costs so fucking much. Just shipping those cans costs a lot of money.

continued on page 74

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And they've reduced it down to this common denominator, and they have all the goddamned screens tied up. The majors have the screens tied up.

That used to be the domain of the independents: the drive-in theater, the neighborhood theaters in Pittsburgh. Everyone talks about this horror-movie wave that we've had in the last two years. Every year that I've been in Pittsburgh since 1959 there have been twelve or fifteen horror movies out every summer. Only they used to come from Joe Brenner, Crown International... They came from all over the place, because you could get those screens. Now, the majors have the screens tied up, because all the majors are making B movies. I mean, there's no such thing as "A movies," "B movies" anymore.

HIGH TIMES: B movies have five-million-dollar budgets.

ROMERO: Not anymore. The average film is already eight or ten million—and they're making *nothing* but B movies. They're making action adventure stuff; so they have the neighborhood screens tied up this summer with *Superman II*, you name it. And they have all those screens tied up; you can't get a decent break. Even the "four wall" people—you know, the Utah groups that come in with their little Swiss Family or Mountain Family Robinson or whatever—get obscure screens, and blast the shit out of television and get people to come out... But they buy the hall, you know. They buy the theater. And it's always an obscure theater somewhere out on the circuit. They can't get a good screen.

HIGH TIMES: What are some of the things that happened to you when you were out in Hollywood trying to make deals with the biggies?

ROMERO: I haven't had any nightmare experiences with them, simply because I haven't made any movies. I've had them turn down ideas that I thought were really good. I've also had them offer me things that I thought were terrible. That's mainly the reason I haven't done anything out there.

HIGH TIMES: But you don't have any problems communicating with them?

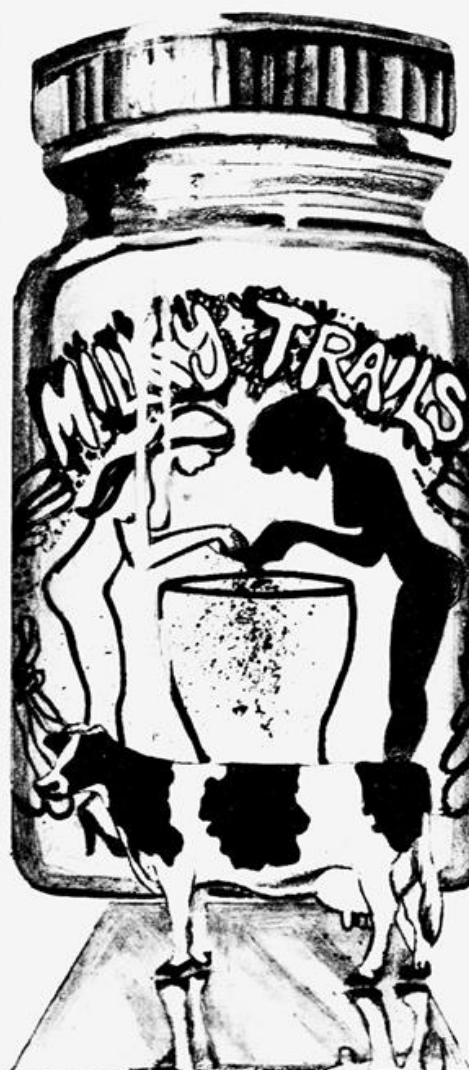
ROMERO: No. My partner is a very knowledgeable and skilled businessman, thank God. I don't have to deal with that side of it. We just have not been able to come to terms.

The only deal that I ever accepted was the deal to do *Salem's Lot*, before they went to television with it. They saw nine vampire movies coming down the pike; and they happened to see *Martin* and made the connection: "A vampire in a small town; let's try Romero." Rather obvious, you know; that kind of obvious connection.

But it's actually how I met Steve; and I said, "Yeah, I'd love to do this program." The deal was: Go to Maine, with just enough money to make the movie; come back in nine months, and show it to us. 'Cause they wanted to get it out, and they had a lot of money tied up in screenplays. *Everyone* in

continued on page 100

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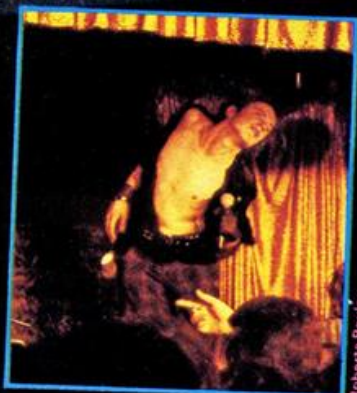
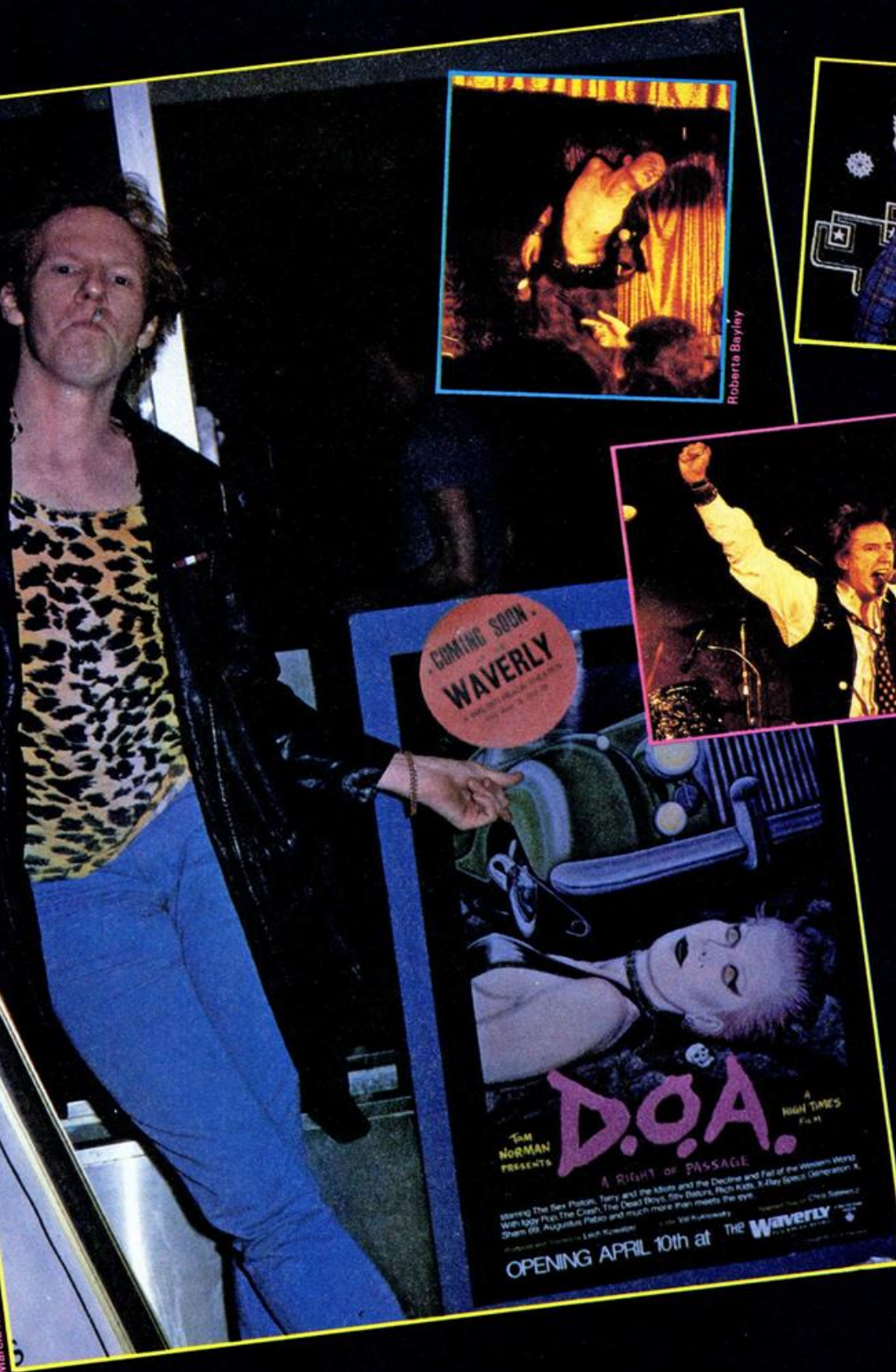
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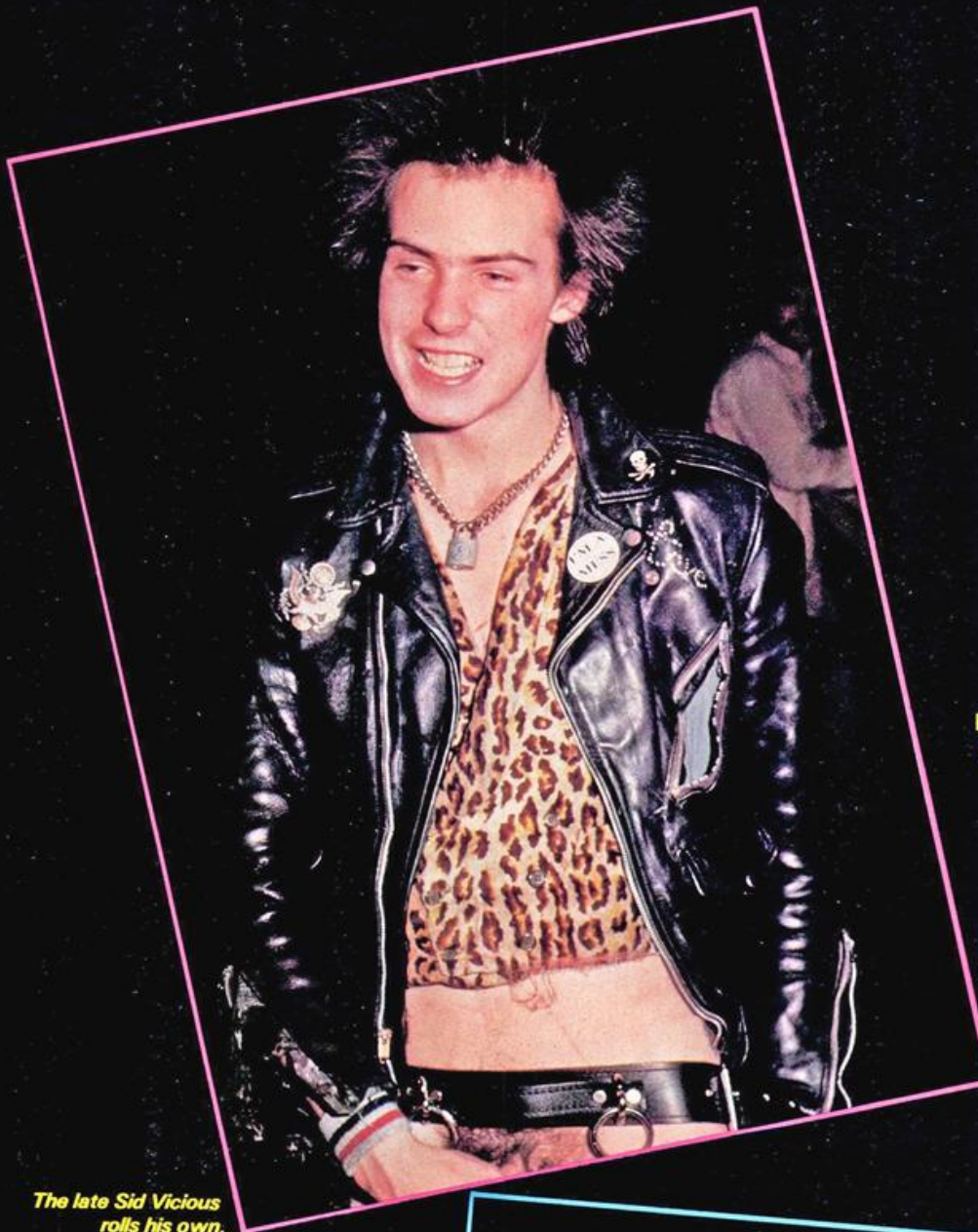
Roberta Bayley

Cheetah Chrome of the Dead Boys mellows out at Ritz preview party.

D.O.A.

A RIGHT OF PASSAGE

IN 1978 FILMMAKER LECH KOWALSKI PHONED HIGH TIMES founder Tom Forcade and pitched him the idea of filming the Sex Pistols' tour through the Southern and Western United States. Forcade agreed, but when Kowalski showed up at the HIGH TIMES office with bags packed ready to pick up the tour in Atlanta, Forcade told him that he'd changed



*The late Sid Vicious
rolls his own.*



*Pistols Johnny
Rotten, Steve Cook
and Paul Jones on
tour bus.*

his mind and that he should leave his office immediately. From such unpromising beginnings sprang *HIGH TIMES'* first feature film: *DOA: A Right of Passage*.

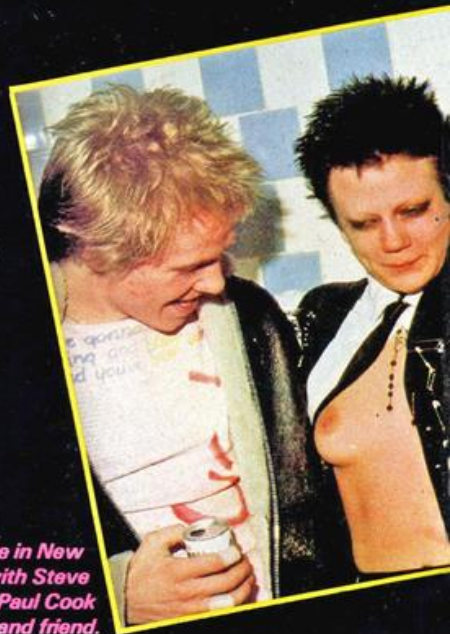
Following the film's New York City premiere, we threw a huge bash at the Ritz (a rather notorious rock club), where everyone got to dress up funny and spit beer on each other. We hope you'll enjoy the movie; we're sure you'd have loved the party.

Joseph Stevens



*D.O.A. director Lech
Kowalski and
assistant director
Chris Salewicz.*

Marcia Resnick



*Backstage in New
York with Steve
Jones, Paul Cook
and friend.*



Joseph Stevens



Marcia Resnick



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Two for Texas: Sid and John in San Antonio.

Now he belongs to the agents.



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"God Save the Queen": Pistols in Atlanta.



Roberta Bayley

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**CARL: GIVE RON
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By Carl Damask

Well, we're sure proud to be asked to write a whole magazine for the "Seeds 'N Stems" people. If you want to get a real down-home, just-plain-folks point of view, you couldn't do better than to come to Kozkiusko, I guess. And we sure appreciate this chance to get a free ad in a big national magazine.

The first story ought to be about politics, huh? Well, I don't know much about that business. We belong to the Kozkiusko Chamber of Commerce, and that's about as political as we want to get, you know.

Give Ronald Reagan a chance, that's my point of view. I voted for the man, and I'm ready to give him

a chance. That's all.

Besides, if I say anything nasty in the papers about Ronald Reagan, the county assessors are going to raise my taxes by 50 percent. It's incredible. No sooner did we talk to you "Seeds 'N Stems" people about doing this than the phone rang. It was Ted Fuller down at the county courthouse, and he said--

By Lucille Trend Damask.

Shut your mouth, you dummie. That's my Carl for you, he'll turn a mountain into a molehill at the drop of a hat. Just because he voted for Reagan and then gas prices went straight through the roof and the drive-in

business went down the tubes again, there's got to be a whole Washington, D.C. conspiracy afoot to aggravate Carl Damask's ulcer in Kozkiusko. You should have heard him just last year talking about Carter. He voted for Carter too, y'know. And wound up calling him sixteen different kinds of sissy for not sending the marines into Iran, even if it would just get all the hostages killed. I never vote for anybody myself. It only encourages them. Get it? That's a joke I read in the Reader's Digest years ago. Still makes me laugh. Well, this hasn't been much of a political story, but it's all I've got to say.

HOORAY FOR DAN RATHER!

By Carl Damask

A show business story for page two? Well, I'm really impressed with the way (sorry) Dan Rather has fit right into (Carl) Walter Cronkite's shoes on the Channel Two Evening News. When Walter Cronkite left I thought well, that's it. No more straight, levelheaded, non-biased, lay-it-on-the-line TV news.

All the other stations are all gone over to that "Anchor-Person" nonsense. They're all so busy cracking jokes with each other, how do you tell the news from the jokes?

And that Barbara Walters person, I'd like to know more about her. Sometimes she reads the news so kind of sarcastic-like, arching her eyebrows at certain names and stuff

Haute Fromage

by Carl Damask



Why couldn't I run this on page one? This is the kind of action that makes folks sit right up. You think we get jiggle girls in Koskiusko?

like that, you don't know what you're supposed to think.

Walter Cronkite never tried that nonsense. And neither does Dan Rather. I like the man. He gives it to you straight.

more crashes and jiggle?

By Lucille Trent Damask

Listen to that! Carl hasn't watched the evening news for two years, ever since Channel Eleven started running Rockford Files reruns at six o'clock. We were out to dinner at the Roman Gardens

over by Twilly last week, and we heard two guys in business suits at the cocktail bar talking about the TV news while it was on, and what you just read in Carl's story was what the richer-looking gent said. Carl might watch

the Dan Rather News if there were more car crashes on it! Or more jiggle girls, if you know what I mean. If you think Carl sounds upset over Walter Cronkite leaving, you should've heard him when he learned they were canceling Charlie's Angels!

"DOPE COMIC" BY LUCILLE TRENT DAMASK



Ask Aunt Lucy and Uncle Carl

UNCLE CARL TELLS "EASY SALLY": GIVE UP!

Dear Uncle Carl:

All through high school, Tony and I had eyes only for each other. We dated from our sophomore year straight through every weekend, and I will never forget all the beautiful memories I have of that enchanting, spellbound, laughter-and-tears time. He would kiss the snowflakes from my eyelids, and the smell of Old Spice will always remind me of him. I would have done anything for him, but he was too sweet to ever try to do The Deed.

Which I guess is my problem. When Tony got a Regents scholarship and I didn't, he went to State College, and I stayed home. We pledged ourselves forever to be true, but a lot can happen in four years. To be frank, I have been unfaithful--and not just once, either. In fact, the

local boys now call me "Easy Sally".

Tony knows nothing of it. Next spring, after graduation, he'll go to work in Tuscon, Arizona, and Uncle Carl--he's been faithful, and I believe him 100 percent. Tony, frankly, is a drip! I couldn't bear to live with him for a month--and I know it'd be even worse for him. I've been lying to the poor guy for four years, just not to hurt his feelings, but now he's gone and bought a great big diamond ring, and our parents have everything arranged.... What can I do, Uncle Carl?

"Easy Sally"

Dear Sally:

Well, that sure is a poser all right. Looks like you've gone and dug yourself a hole, young lady. Why don't you just try to make the best of it, straighten up your act, and--but hey, your Tony fellow is the kind of guy who'll expect blood on the bedsheet,

right? No, that's sure not going to work. Maybe if you told his folks, and had them tell him.. But tell him what? He just blew four years of his life on "Easy Sally"? His college years? Boy that'd sure make feel great. You know what? I can't give you any advice, honey. Why don't you write next month to whoever usually answers these "Seeds 'N Stems" letters.

AUNT LUCY TELLS "MARRIED": GIVE UP!

Dear Aunt Lucy:

My husband is an alcoholic, but he won't admit it to himself and go for treatment. He syas as long as he makes \$48,000 a year at real estate, puts food on the table, keeps our kids in clothes and tuition, and provides me with my own bedroom and my own car, I should be satisfied. But Aunt Sally, it tears me up inside to watch him put away a quart and

a half of vodka every night, just staring blankly at the TV, getting more and more sodden, until he passes out. Usually I have to make sure he doesn't set himself on fire with his last cigarette. All this, and nothing of the sort of special attention a wife expects and deserves of a husband! Can you give him any advice, Aunt Lucy?

Married 36 Years

Dear Married:

No, but I can give you some advice, honey. Make sure those life-insurance premiums are paid regularly. I don't know exactly what you're complaining about--my Carl's not a drunk, but he can be disgusting right after ogling through his monthly Penthouse. Believe me, you're sitting pretty. There'll be plenty of time for all the "special attention" you can hire after you retire to St. Petersburg on your widow's annuity. Have fun at the Greyhound races.

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INSIDE STRAIGHT

by Alexander M. Haig,
Secretary of State

In May, Nancy Reagan's column appeared on this page. Unfortunately, her duties as first hostess prevented her from writing her usual column this month. But Nancy, so perky, so polite, is not one to renege on a commitment. It was she who arranged for Gen. Alexander Haig to fill in for her this month. —Ed.

Stand easy. Well, when the CIC's wife gives you an order, you carry it out. Though I must say, why I should be giving the low-down on the double-dealings of State to a bunch of loop-troopers like the readers of this magazine is beyond me.

For the last month or so I've be puttin' the gentle boys and soft sisters here at State Battalion HQ through their basic training. You should have heard the schoolgirl whining from this bouquet of pansies when I ordered them to shave their heads and made green suits regulation. I couldn't believe the shape that Muskie had allowed some of these boys to get into. You remember that ambassador in El Salvador I had to bust down into the ranks for insubordination? When I called him on the carpet I told him to drop and give me 20. You better believe all he could do was five "girl push-ups"! Fellow had a butt two ax handles across and spectacles so thick I asked him if they were supposed to be bulletproof. Anyway, the new guy I sent down there to El Salvador ought to whip them hispic's into shape. He served under me in 'Nam and knows his stuff.

What is this stuff about *El Salvador* anyway? As I understand the dago language, *El* is a term of respect, usually given only to bullfighters like *El Cordoba* and so on. Plain *Salvador* ought to be good enough for them.

We got problems mucho down there in Salvador. Got Red Communist boys all over the shithole and our side ain't nothing you'd want to eat dinner at 21 with either. Bunch of shit-colored psychos driving around in bulletproof Chevy Blazers looking for priests to blow away. I tell you, half the ruling junta down there would have been Section 8'd out of the Dirty Dozen. But, believe me, they are the cream of the country.

I can't go into too much detail about the ongoing rumpus we got down there (it's all top-secret grade royal), but I can say this: We are conducting some very active diplomatic initiatives. In fact, I just signed an order dispatching three battalions of crack "cultural attachés" to negotiate with the rebels and they will be under the personal command of the new ambassador.

Incidentally, from what I hear the new ambassador is working out even better than I expected. I had a report he kicked his tiepin into the forehead of some guerrilla chief just to let the dead Red's buddies know that our embassy wasn't about to take any shit. Did I tell you that fellow distinguished himself in similar ways in the 'Nam?

On the social front, I was over at the White House the other day for some sort of



a get-together laid on by the C-in-C's wife, Nancy. While there I happened to meet Frank Sinatra. Now *there* is one hell of a human being. Since John Wayne died I guess Frank's more or less what it's all about in this country in the world of entertainment.

Ol' Blue Eyes and I talked about a plan to put this country into an entertainment offensive mode. The way it works is this: Half the reason this country walks around image-wise like a stoop-shouldered drug addict is because half our entertainment comes from junkie-type rock and rolling musicians, many of whom are homos paid by Moscow to fuck up our people's minds. Not to mention stinking up our image anywhere this music is heard in the rest of the world. So how do we rectify the situation? By taking charge. Frank figures if we can get enough records by guys like him and his pals on the air here and overseas, we can turn our whole self-image around and change what the rest of the world thinks of us too. I think he has one of the finest propaganda minds I've ever met—and inside a head with a haircut I can live with. Anyway, I thought we might give the idea a test run on the Salvador radio station. See if a couple of weeks of listening to the Chairman of the Board singing "My Way" doesn't

turn their thinking around, or burn it out altogether, which would suit me just as well.

Well, enough light banter of a social nature. I suppose you have all read about the mysterious explosions on the extreme South Atlantic, which some suggest are nuclear and which others claim are the result of the earth taking a direct hit from some kind of micrometeorite?

Forget everything you've heard. The earth is under attack. You heard me. Some kind of space scum have been testing way-out alien weaponry in isolated areas of the planet. They are "probing our defenses" to test our ability to defend ourselves and to measure our will.

Naturally, a large share of the duty of defending the earth falls into its single most powerful nation, the United States of America. For this reason I am preparing to request an emergency appropriation of \$260 billion to defend our planet and develop a viable contra-extraterrestrial assault force. If I am granted this appropriation along with special emergency powers over planetary defense, I can begin to see to it that we are not unprepared when they hit us, as they eventually must.

Believe me, one of my first acts as Military Commander-World will be to order the detention of Carl Sagan and anyone else I feel constitutes a threat by reason of being soft on spacemen. We'll see how intelligent these space creeps really are. If they're unintelligent enough to attack the earth, we'll send them back home to their stars in jelly jars or cheesecloth body bags.

Some of my aides and others with whom I have discussed these matters have suggested that I may be overanticipating the menace from outer space. Never. It stands to reason, doesn't it, that with all those stars out there that on one of them there is bound to evolve an intelligent, hostile form of life. To me it seems a good deal more than possible. Given the number of stars out there it seems probable.

Would you rather take a chance and wind up working as a slave in a Drano mine on Celaphus D at the mercy of some nine-armed bastard with a head like a 60-watt lightbulb? Or would you rather build immediately an effective capacity for defense under the personal command of the world's most able, determined and resourceful soldier, me?

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The White House
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Sincerely,

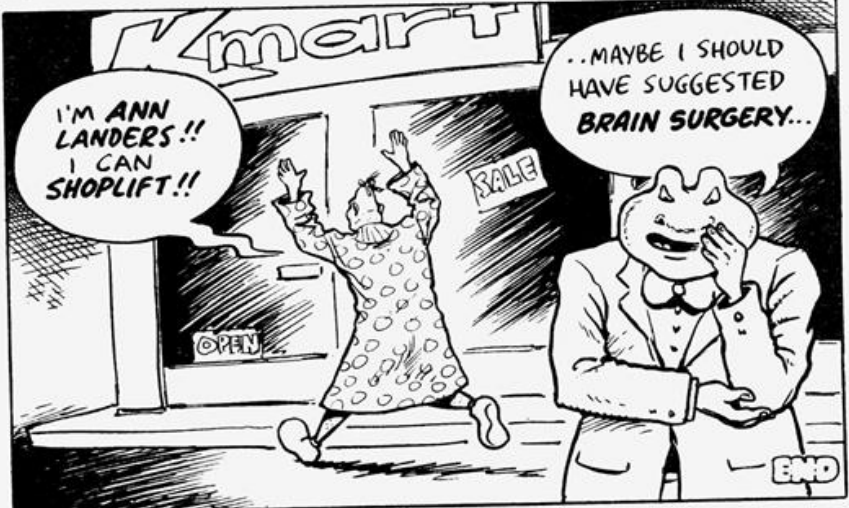
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A MORAL REMAINS

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TAKEN OVER. MORAL
DECAY IS EVERYWHERE

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YOU WILL CLEAN THEM
FROM THE PLANET, AS A
BROOM SWEEPS THE FLOOR.

BENEATH THE DESPOTIC DISPLES ARES A CATASTROPHIC WOOLVERINE



I HEAR 2001 AND
I WILL OBEY



BY JOE COLEMAN



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TRASHMAN AGENT OF THE 6TH INTERNATIONAL

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IS YOU HAVE IN
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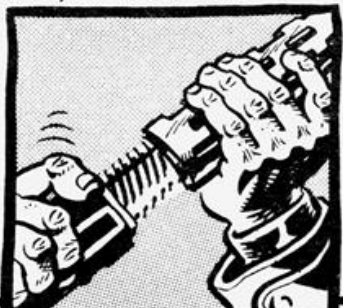
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Whatever Became Of...

OUR GANG?



or as they are more commonly known, the little rascals.

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Drew Friedman
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Alfalfa... 1958



ALAN FALFA WAS SHOT DEAD AT ONE OF HIS SOLD-OUT CONCERTS AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL IN 1958.

Spanky... now



SPANKY WAS CONVICTED IN 1974 FOR THE MASS HOMOSEXUAL SLAYING OF 57 BOYS IN FORT WORTH, TEXAS. HE IS NOW OUT ON PAROLE.

Buckwheat... now



BUCKWHEAT IS EMPLOYED BY A FAMILY IN TRENTON, NEW JERSEY. "BUT AH DON'T DO YO WINDOWS" HE TOLD THEM.

Butch... now



BUTCH IS NOW A HAIRDRESSER IN MEMPHIS ALONG WITH HIS BOYFRIEND WOIM. THEY ROOM WITH VESTOR PRESLEY.

Darla... now



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Chubby... now



CHUBBY STANDS ON THE CORNER OF 14th ST. AND 2nd AND EXPOSES HIS DINK TO THE WORLD.

Farina... now



FARINA KILLS WHITE PEOPLE. SO WATCH OUT. HIS WHEREABOUTS ARE UNKNOWN.

Wheezer... now



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Porky... now



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Waldo... now



HE DIED.

Stymie... now



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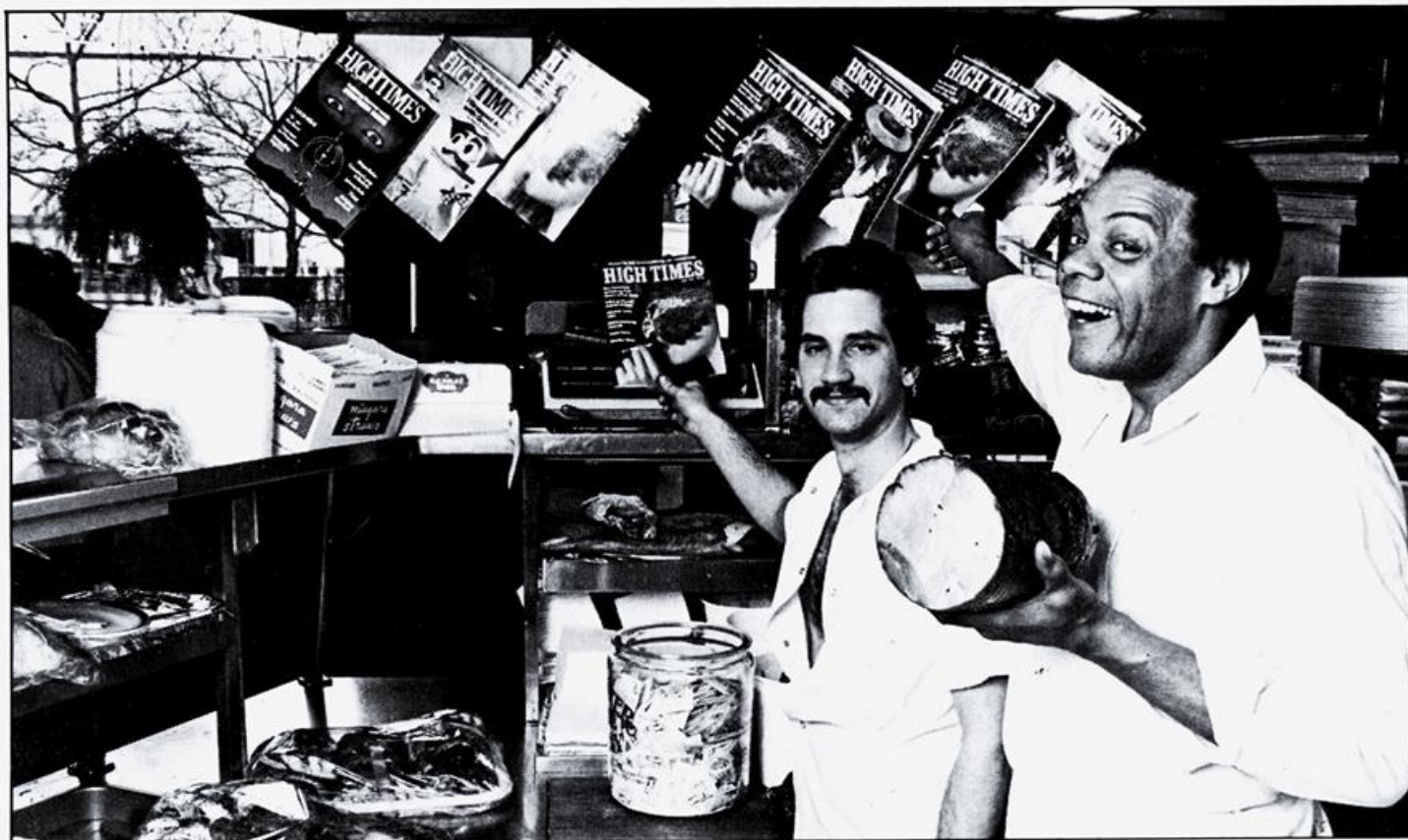
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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

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113 NUMBER OF PEOPLE IN U.S. WHO might still be alive in 1967 except for illicit drug abuse: 390,000.

Number of people in U.S. who might still be alive in 1967 except for alcohol abuse: 1,819,000.

Number of people in U.S. who might still be alive in 1967 except for cigarette smoking: 3,694,000.

Estimates of the National Science Foundation

114 ONE IS REMINDED OF THE OLD story of William James who is said to have taken nitrous oxide, obtained the secret of the Universe, and written it down after an enormous effort. When he recovered his senses he found that he had written:

Higamus, Hogamus
Woman is monogamous.
Hogamus, Higamus
Man is polygamous.

115 THE EVIDENCE IS PRETTY STRONG ... that around the year 1900 roughly 3 percent of the population of the United States was on opiates. ... It was included in most of the tonic medicines and it was also prescribed.

Nathan Kline, M.D.
HiLife, May 1980



116 PROMETHEUS GOT STONED. BUT why not, he gave everyone a light first.

Graffito, White Hall,
University of Wisconsin, 1970s



117 THE KNOWERS OF THE THREE vedas who drink the soma juice and are cleansed of sin, worshipping Me with sacrifices, pray for the way to heaven. They reach the holy world of Indra (the Lord of heaven) and enjoy in heaven the pleasures of the gods.

Lord Sri Krishna to Arjuna
Bhagavad Gita

118 I NEVER MET A DRUG I DIDN'T LIKE.
Tom Forcade

119 I TRIED SNIFFING COKE, BUT I couldn't get the bottle up my nose.

Rodney Dangerfield
Rolling Stone, Sept. 18, 1980

120 SPEED WILL TURN YOU INTO YOUR parents.
Frank Zappa

121 THE AUGUST 1963 ISSUE OF *Escapade* magazine, devoted primarily to sexually provocative photographs, urged readers to put page 15 in 4 ounces of methyl alcohol and to drink the result, in order to get the hallucinogenic effect of an additive used in the printing ink. When the FDA pointed out that drinking wood alcohol could lead to death or blindness, the publishers of the magazine declared the idea a joke.

Psychedelic Review, Number 4

122 SOME PEOPLE WHO THOUGHT A few years ago that imprisonment or death was good enough for "drug fiends" whose skin color was different or who lived in another part of town have begun to change their minds as they realize that the users of illicit drugs include their own children.

Edward M. Brecher
Licit and Illicit Drugs, 1972

123 IN 1967, 2800 DEATHS WERE attributed to coffee drinking (caffeine)-caused cancer of the bladder.

National Science Foundation

124 NOBODY SAVES AMERICA BY SNIFF-ing cocaine.

Allen Ginsberg, 1975



125 A WOMAN'S BODY BECOMES A CAF-eteria. You want to eat every part of it. No part of it is sacred, yet everything is sacred.

38-year-old radio announcer
in *The Sexual Power of Marijuana*
by Barbara Lewis

126 CHARES OF MYTILENE TELLS Athenaeus, i.27d (about 230 A.D.) of a drinking contest in which Indias contended for cash prizes. Of the contestants 35 died straightaway, 6 more shortly; the victor having made away with 12 quarts of un-mixed wine and received a talent, lived 4 days.

VINTAGE HIGH TIMES

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☐ 8: March '76



☐ 9: May '76



☐ 10: June '76



☐ 11: July '76



☐ 12: August '76



☐ 13: September '76



☐ 14: October '76



☐ 15: November '76



☐ 16: December '76



☐ 17: January '77



☐ 18: February '77



☐ 19: March '77



☐ 20: April '77



☐ 21: May '77



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BY JOHN SWENSON

SOUNDS

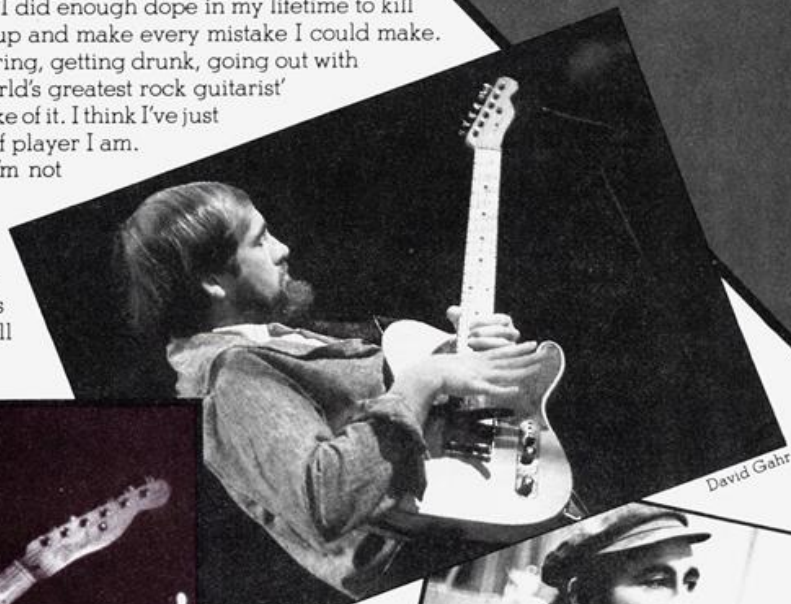
BUCHANAN'S BACK

AFTER YEARS of hiding out and licking the wounds born out of record-biz blowouts, master guitarist Roy Buchanan, whom guitarists from Garcia to Clapton have called the greatest player around, has returned to activity. Buchanan has been a major stylistic force since the '50s, when his session work on classics like "My Babe" gained him a cult reputation. But a series of business setbacks and personal problems have always kept Buchanan from realizing his potential. Only now does he seem confident enough to step out and claim the title so many have said for years was his due. Significantly, his comeback record is called *My Babe*, and Roy is aware of its worth. "It's my best record," he says easily.

Some of Buchanan's tales of lost opportunities have an almost comic ring, like the time John Lennon wanted to record with him. "I got so excited over the whole thing," he recalls, "that I ordered some beer, downers, uppers, anything John might want. He completely freaked out about the whole thing and wouldn't touch a thing. But he still wanted to play. So what did I do? When the time came for the session, I'm slumped over in the control booth, passed out. I really blew that one."

Buchanan laughs about a series of similar tales. "I did enough dope in my lifetime to kill ten men. I'd schedule appointments and never show up and make every mistake I could make. They wanted to make me a star and I blew it by not caring, getting drunk, going out with my friends to jam someplace or get high. All this 'World's greatest rock guitarist' stuff was really embarrassing. I didn't know what to make of it. I think I've just lately come to grips with what I really am, what type of player I am."

"I consider myself a strictly soul blues player. I'm not no Van Halen, let's put it that way. You might think that you're playing better when you're high but, believe me, from experience, you're not. Record it when you're high and then record it when you're straight. I've recorded both ways and always my straight playing was the best. Any old addict that's been at it for a while will tell you the same thing."



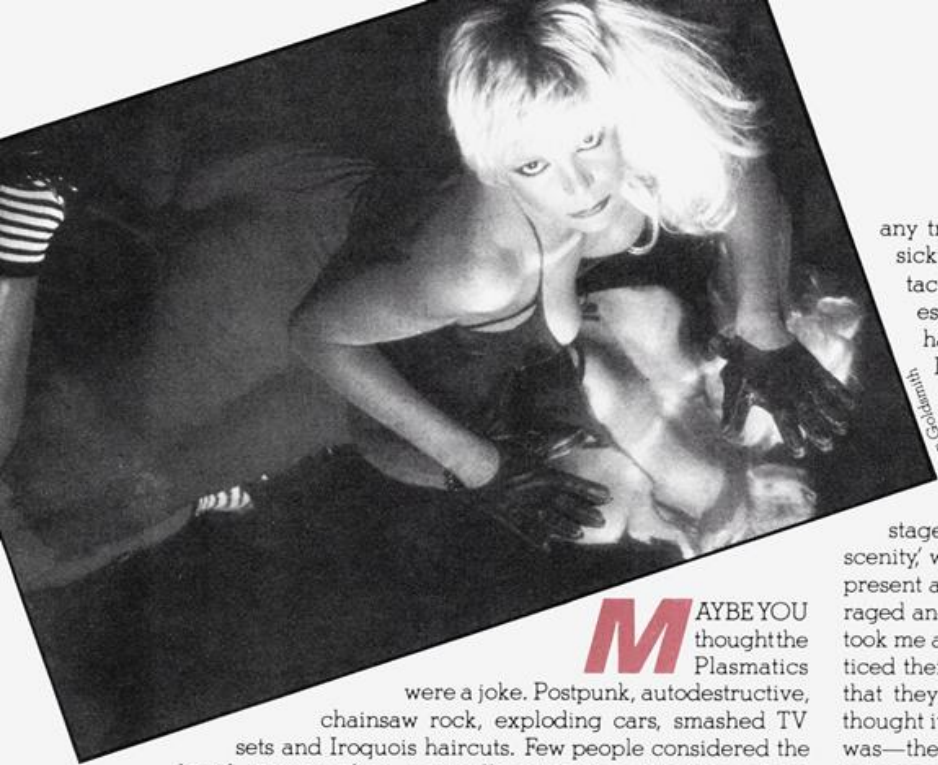
David Gahr



Michael Putland ©Retna Ltd.



Jim Gorak



any trouble until Milwaukee. In Milwaukee these sick sadistic vice squadders are still using gestapo tactics and I stand to go to jail for five years. In essence I am an anarchist and I feel people should have the personal freedom to express themselves. I think our society is obsessed with sex and they want you to believe that a woman's body is dirty and that sex is dirty."

As she recounted the events of that terrifying night in Milwaukee, Williams looked a bit shaken. "Six vice-squad officers greeted me backstage and said, 'You're under arrest for pandering obscenity,' whatever that means. I asked for a police lady to be present and they said there's no need. Intellectually I was outraged and I went with these six guys and they deliberately took me away out back. I got out back and immediately I noticed there was thirty officers that had surrounded the area that they were taking me into—that's how important they thought it was, that's how much resistance they thought there was—there were thirty of them, there was a line. They wanted to keep everyone away. I still went with them peacefully. I went and I was just about to step into the paddy wagon when they decided, 'We wanna search you for contraband,' which was pulling up my T-shirt, feeling my tits, grabbing my rear end, squeezing it, and when I turned around to defend myself by slapping one of them I was thrown to the ground and I was beaten. I was kicked in the face repeatedly, I was beaten with nightsticks, I was kicked, I was felt, and they kept doing it and doing it and doing it until I was semiconscious. I thought it would never stop, I thought I would never stand up, I thought I was dead in Milwaukee. There was over a thousand pounds on top of me. And this was the vice squad. I was brutally attacked and molested."

Williams is nevertheless hopeful that the incident was not part of a conspiracy against her. "Maybe it's what I'd like to believe is that it was just a vice squad. I think very much about 'Big Brother is watching you' but I don't know how big it is. It is scary.

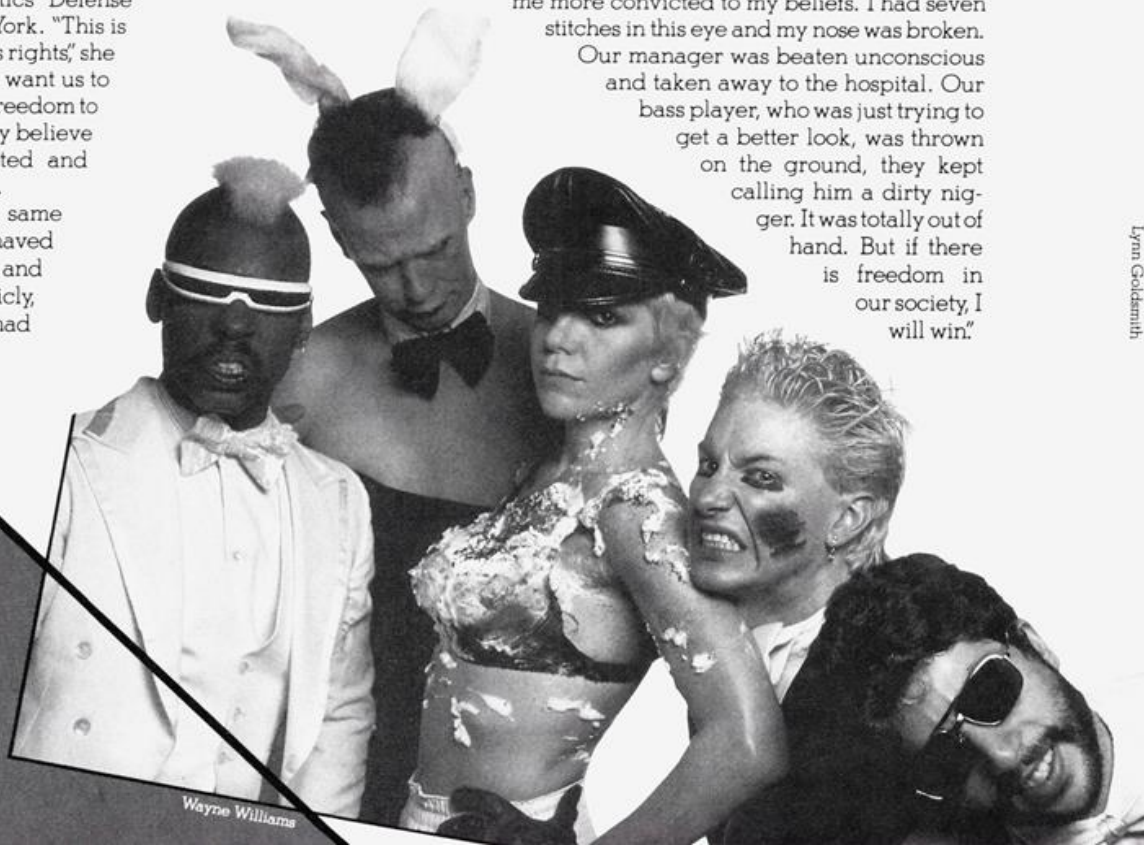
I'm terrified. Sure it scares me. But it does make me more convicted to my beliefs. I had seven stitches in this eye and my nose was broken.

Our manager was beaten unconscious and taken away to the hospital. Our bass player, who was just trying to get a better look, was thrown on the ground, they kept calling him a dirty nigger. It was totally out of hand. But if there is freedom in our society, I will win."

MAYBE YOU thought the Plasmatics were a joke. Postpunk, autodestructive, chainsaw rock, exploding cars, smashed TV sets and Iroquois haircuts. Few people considered the band as more than a visually intriguing sideshow where music took an obstructed view backseat to outrage. But this group is fast becoming heroic after vice squads in a couple of cities decided to take brutal vigilante action to save the world from Plasmatic mayhem. In Milwaukee just two days after Reagan had stolen the presidency with the aid of the sinister New Wealth Morality coalition led by its TV preachers and their fund-raising/brainwashing techniques, the campaign against rock music began in earnest when dozens of police arrested Plasmatics lead singer Wendy Williams for an "obscene" act which they later admitted was merely fondling a sledgehammer suggestively.

Outside of the club Williams was sexually abused by these protectors of public morality, then sadistically beaten so badly she had to be hospitalized. After being released from the hospital she was arrested again at her very next show in Cleveland. "What we've got here is an issue on First Amendment rights and civil rights," said Williams before a benefit concert for the Plasmatics Defense Fund at Bond's disco in New York. "This is very much an issue of women's rights," she added. "If in this society they want us to believe that women have the freedom to express ourselves, if you really believe this you've been indoctrinated and you've become complacent.

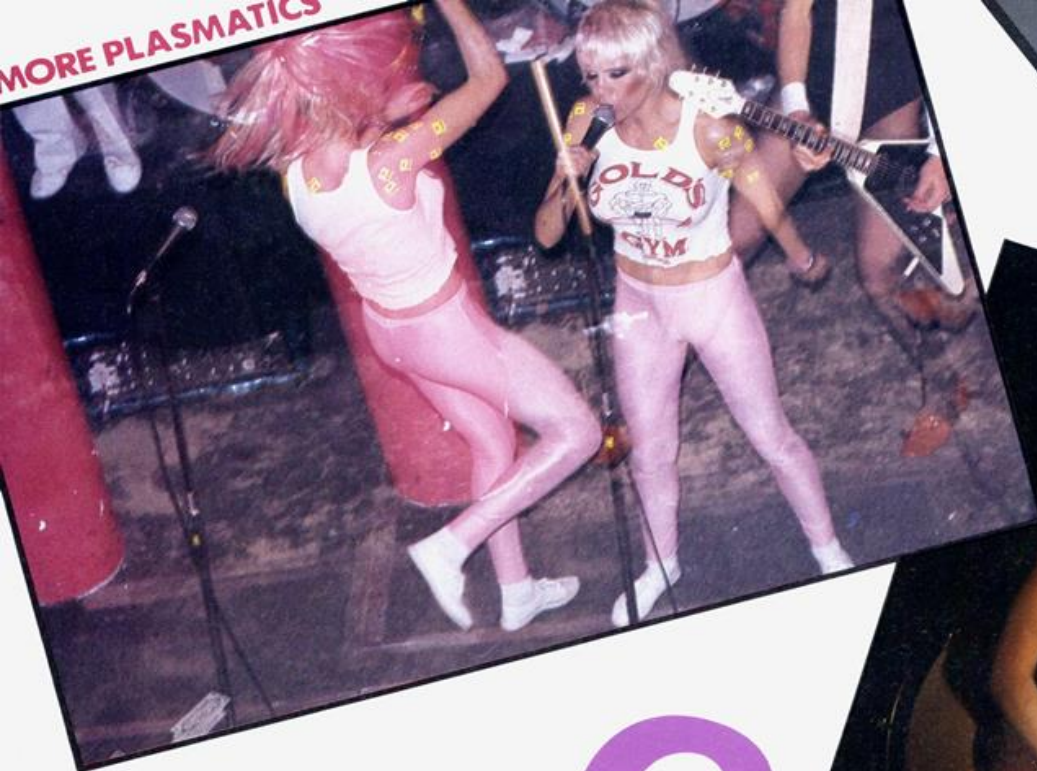
"We've done the same show, I've basically behaved the same way for two and a half years, publicly, and I never had





PLASMATICS

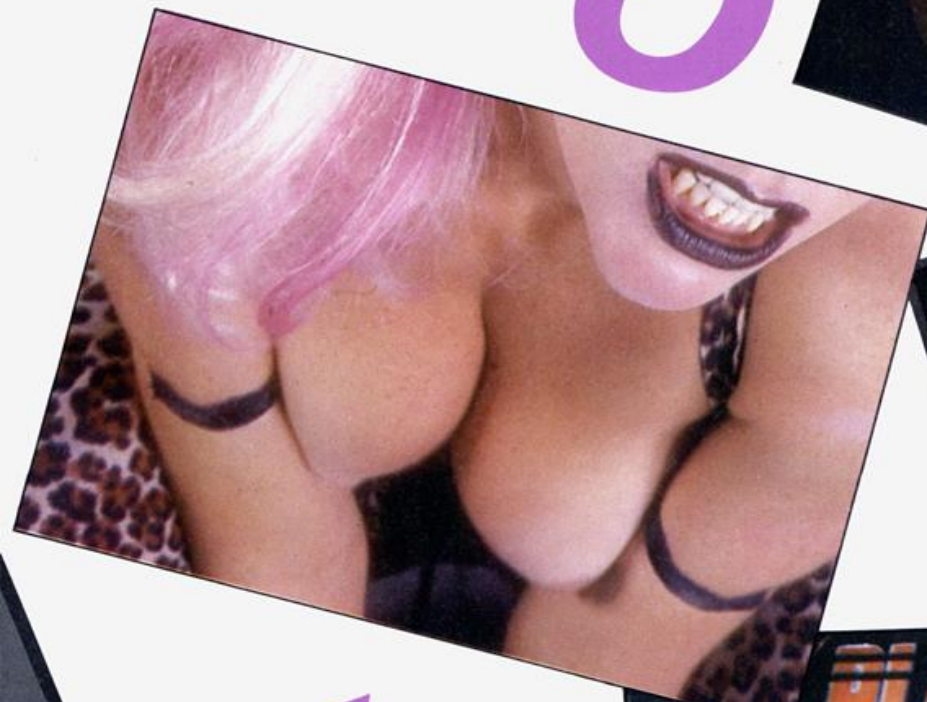
MORE PLASMATICS



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NOTES

THERE MUST BE A BETTER WORLD SOMEWHERE, B.B. King (MCA-5162).

Last year B.B. King told me that his main aspiration was to make a series of records aimed not at commercial interests but at his own musical preferences. The acknowledged master of sophisticated urban blues, King had been unable to make a blues record in years. But this is a dramatic return to his greatest strength. When the first thing you hear on the opening track, "Life Ain't Nothing But a Party," is a swelling big-band-style horn arrangement with King's smooth, dramatic guitar lines punching in behind, you know this is going to be a classic set. Indeed, King's playing and singing have never been better. In for the session are some of the musicians who participated on King's legendary "The Thrill Is Gone" set—guitarist Hugh McCracken, saxophonists Dave Newman and Hank Crawford and drummer Bernard Purdie. Doc Pomus and Dr. John wrote songs for the set in the '50s-'60s R&B style, and Dr. John also plays keyboards. This is a great record that proves the wisdom of nurturing proven forms that are considered outdated but retain their integrity and relevance.

BORDER WAVE, Sir Douglas Quintet (Takoma TAK 7088). It had to happen. With dozens of new-wave bands copping Sir Doug's mid-'60s pop sound, and Joe "King" Carrasco spearheading a Tex-Mex revival, the return of the Sir Douglas "She's About a Mover" sound was inevitable. Doug Sahm has dredged up his old sidekick, Vox/Farfisa master Augie Meyers, to plunk out the metronomic, polka-like organ rhythms that anchor this sound. Alvin Crow, a bandleader in his own right, makes this a Texas supergroup of sorts, capped off by the crack San Antonio rhythm section of drummer Johnny Perez and bassist Speedy Sparks. It's particularly interesting to hear Sahm return to the concept he abandoned around the time of *Together After Five*—a virtuoso musician, Sahm has since presented a mix of country, blues, rock and R&B forms of which this sound was only a part, so his return to relative stylistic uniformity is a reminder of his once formidable commercial potential. Here he covers the Kinks stomper "Who'll Be The Next in Line," revives his old chestnut "Revolutionary Ways," recasts the "Mover" sound with "It Was Fun While It Lasted," "Sheila Tequila" and the title track, and even struts his ballad form on "I Keep Wishing for You." The Sir Douglas Quintet is back.

SOUND EFFECTS, the Jam (Polydor 5035). The fifth album by the Jam presents them at their most powerful point yet and will surely convince the American rock audience once and for all that their British counterparts aren't crazy for considering these guys the second coming of the Who. The band's recasting of '60s musical styles in a new format framed by Paul Weller's brilliant pop songwriting instincts puts the Jam in the vanguard of the often overstated attempts to keep pop music relevant in England. Snatches of Doors, Who and Beatles riffs drift through the record dreamlike, just outside recognition but able to evoke the emotional resonance as the songs whip by so quickly you can hardly catch your breath. You can pick out elements—the pounding, melodic bass line that rips open "Pretty Green," the eerie, Morricone-like whistling at the beginning and Weller's brilliant guitar solo at the end of "Set the House Ablaze," the astonishing adaptation of the melodic and rhythmic structure of the Beatles' "Taxman" on "Start." Altogether this is an awesome record that finally puts it all together for the Jam. □

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INTERVIEW: GEORGE ROMERO

continued from page 74

Hollywood wrote a screenplay on *Salem's Lot*, and they had a *stack* of screenplays.

HIGH TIMES: You had your choice?

ROMERO: In essence. But they were sort of leaning to Steve's screenplay. Oh man, Silliphant wrote a screenplay with, you know—where the vampires were turning into *gar-goyles*, and the snakes were coming out of their mouths... And I mean, *why buy a book?* I have no idea what they paid for the book—but not only have they paid for *that*; I think they wound up with something like a million eight in screen pledges. And they're sitting with a two-million-dollar story cost on something, and they haven't shot a *frame* of the film. That screws up the mechanism—and, the way *they* relate it, your story costs are supposed to be five percent of your budget. So, they would map it out backwards and say: Oh shit, two-million-dollar story cost. That means the movie's going to cost...

HIGH TIMES: Why didn't they just stick with King's original screenplay? In fact, why don't they use him more often than they do?

ROMERO: I think Steve's written screenplays for all of them, and I don't think they were even seriously considered... I mean, he always gets a crack at it.

HIGH TIMES: But they don't accept it?

ROMERO: I think it's almost automatic... I mean, Steve...

HIGH TIMES: The director won't accept it, or the producer won't accept it?

ROMERO: Usually the producers. Usually it never gets to the director.

HIGH TIMES: Why?

ROMERO: They have him notched. He's a *novelist*; therefore, he can't write a screenplay. That's the way it is, man.

HIGH TIMES: They won't use him because he's a novelist?

ROMERO: Yeah. I mean, I think probably that's the big basic problem.

HIGH TIMES: But that seems—

ROMERO: They *categorize* you, man.

HIGH TIMES: That seems absurd on two levels, because he writes his books as movies. When you read them, you read them as movies. Number two...

ROMERO: Oh, yes. Very, very cinematic. He's a movie lover. He knows *exactly* what he's doing. He wants to become, I think, a filmmaker eventually—and I'd love to see him try to do it. Because I think he has a real good movie sense. I think his screenplays are really funny. But, I'm *telling* you, there's an automatic prejudice there.

HIGH TIMES: Well, they pigeonholed you right away too.

ROMERO: Immediately. They pigeonhole *everyone*. Unless you're so hot... I mean, on the other hand, you could go out and have a hit record, and they'll give you a three-picture deal. You know—I mean, it's random, man. It's like...

HIGH TIMES: And money breeds money on any level. Who has the rights to *The Stand*

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ROMERO: We do. Between Stephen and me. We formed a partnership. And the same with *Creepshow*. It's a lot easier. We've been in situations where we've agreed to certain terms—this is not even with studios, but with big independents—and shook hands, and made the deal, and everything else...and then the contracts come in; they don't even reflect the deal as we discussed. But you come to expect that, and you just sort of roll with it. It's crazy, man. It's, I think, one in two hundred projects that get developed out there, that turn into movies—and then, they don't even look like what they're intended to.

HIGH TIMES: Well, I still haven't got sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll in here, and I'm running out of time. I don't know what to do about it!

ROMERO: Why isn't there more? That's a good question.

HIGH TIMES: What is the future of sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll in the American movie industry?

ROMERO: In the *American* movie industry?

HIGH TIMES: No, scratch that.

ROMERO: Or—what is the future of sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll? It might be dying out. Dying out with the rest of—

HIGH TIMES: Perhaps the counterculture is dying. But, in your films, you seem to be dealing with outsiders. Your theme seems to be outsiders, and how they collide with society—and particularly society in decay. And we seem to be entering an era where people don't want to be outside anymore.

ROMERO: What you're saying is true. I think people want to be a part of it; want to be a part of the societal whole. But I think that where the real desperation is coming from now is that we can't define that societal whole. We can't—and I don't think we can perceive it anymore as something that's reachable. It may not exist, in fact, anymore; there may not be a community anymore, man. We're not keeping up the cities. Bridges are collapsing, and everything is worse. And maybe the only way to any kind of order is really the old-fashioned, Eurocentric way of small-town, small-community survival.

HIGH TIMES: Like *Knightriders*.

ROMERO: To some extent. Well, we grew way beyond that; and I don't think it can work. I don't think it can work today, because there's no way to get any sense of fulfillment, or a sense that you're a part of the whole, in a huge city. Not anymore. I think people have this overwhelming sense of not being able to contribute, not being able to affect what's happening here. And I think that's why there's this incredible growth in the West. I mean, you walk into Salt Lake City and you feel like you might be able to have an effect on what's happening.

My God, you're faced with this incredible monster, you know, which is really in a state of collapse. Society can't support huge mechanisms like this, with any chance of an individual feeling a part of it. And even, when no matter what you accomplish, no

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matter *what* your accomplishments, the sense of satisfaction on a level of: Well, okay, I did that, and that was my work, and I can relax now. You don't ever *get* that sort of personal reward, that personal feeling of completion.

HIGH TIMES: Small towns are changing anyway because they're all electronically strung together.

ROMERO: They are and they aren't. That's the fascination of the shopping mall, for example.

HIGH TIMES: I drove through a city on the way to New York, about four months ago, that I didn't believe. It's called Maumee, Ohio, and the *entire city* was fast-food chains and mass-market chains and outlets. Nothing indigenous.

ROMERO: Oh, yeah. Man . . . I think it's really out there. One thing that New York has going over all of them is that you can find something close to the real small town in some of the neighborhoods—and you have something of that experience in New York that you don't really have in the other big cities. Pittsburgh and L.A.—forget it.

HIGH TIMES: And you're saying the shopping centers . . . ?

ROMERO: Yeah, they sort of synthesize *us* to me. That's where people hang out, man. They go to the *mall* and hang out. That's the downtown. It's the new downtown.

HIGH TIMES: That's reminiscent, of course, of *Dawn of the Dead*, where you have this bizarre, three-cornered war being waged among the zombies and the humans in a sealed-off shopping mall. Obviously—despite all the gore and the violence and the laughs—you're also making an implicit comment on the social breakdown of the future.

ROMERO: Basically, the thrust of it, ever since I wrote the short story, was that it *appears* as though the zombie society has taken over, and they have become the *new* society. But, actually, they're just sort of operating on the surface—and, underneath, down in the bomb shelter somewhere, there are humans who are *really* controlling it. And they're controlling it by feeding the zombies, and farming the food.

HIGH TIMES: Is there some kind of social structure to the zombie society?

ROMERO: To some extent, yes—although, mostly, they're just out there on the surface of the planet, doing what they're doing now: being fed.

HIGH TIMES: An interesting thing about the zombies, as villains, is that they have no malign motivations. They're just—

ROMERO: They're just hungry. That's all you have to do to control them—is keep them fed. They find this out in the third film—the last one—but it's suggested in *Dawn of the Dead*.

HIGH TIMES: So what are the people who are controlling the zombies? They're little pockets . . . ?

ROMERO: Little pockets. Yeah, little communities. Little warring factions.

HIGH TIMES: And they're using the zom-

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bies to fight against the other communities?
ROMERO: Yeah. That's where it winds up. I haven't written the last screenplay yet. I have the short story; and I wrote a slightly expanded version of it. We have a production deal, and I don't have to do it for five years, but ... I wanted some more ... I wanted time.

HIGH TIMES: And there's a real conclusion at the end of the third "Dead" movie?

ROMERO: There is, yes. There's a conclusion. It's not really a "restoration of order" ending ... But, well, I'm going to put a little hopeful tag in it.

HIGH TIMES: Do you feel hopeful, in general, about things?

ROMERO: Yes. I think that I'm pretty optimistic. But that's only ... I don't know. My optimism—I mean, if I have an optimism—it comes out of a sort of ... it comes out of me. I'm not necessarily optimistic about *this*, as it stands; I'm optimistic in a more general sense. And I'm confident that I'll manage to somehow get to Australia before it blows up here. □

CABALA

continued from page 65

other, the Cabalist calculates that love (*ah-beh*) equals 13 and unity (*achad*) equals 13 and therefore love equals unity. And, of course, when you love somebody you are in union with them: You are happy when they are happy; you suffer when they suffer.

Better still, it works backwards, too, according to some Cabalists: 31 is 13 backwards and therefore 31 is mystically the same as 13. And *Al*, the oldest name of God in Hebrew, has the value 31. Therefore, God equals love equals unity.

Which is all very nice and cheerful, and it's pleasant to have our first lesson in theoretical Cabala coming up with such pleasant information.

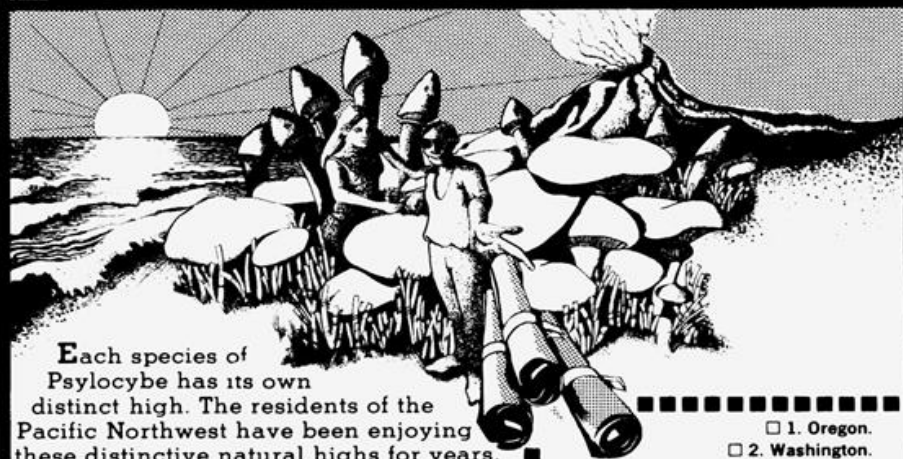
Unfortunately, *la* (nothing) also equals 31. Is God therefore nothing? Or is it unity that is nothing? or love?

The theoretical Cabalist is not abashed. God is nothing, he says firmly—*no-thing*. And in this he is in agreement with the Buddhists and Hindus and, indeed, the most advanced mystics of all traditions. It only sounds queer to those primitives down at the bottom of the Tree of Life in Hod (rationalism) or Netzach (conventional religion); if you persist in Cabala long enough, the divine no-thing will make perfect sense to you.

Unfortunately, before you arrive at Kether—"the Head without a Head," the divine nothing—you will be sure to encounter even worse shocks in theoretical Cabala. Thus, *neschek*, the serpent in Genesis, the devil himself, has the value 358. You don't have to look far to find another Hebrew word with the value 358. It jumps up at you, as soon as you start studying Cabala. It is *messiah*.

In what sense is the devil the messiah? Some Cabalists have gone quite batty working on that one. *continued*

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The charm of Cabala is that the universe adjusts—or in your excited and overstimulated state, *appears* to adjust—in ways that heighten such perplexities. When I first discovered the 358-equals-devil-equals-messiah paradox, I had to go to Los Angeles on business. Arriving at my hotel I found I had been given room 358. That's the sort of "strange accident" that Yeats was talking about, as one of the portals to Cabala . . .

FOR SEVERAL years English biologist Lyall Watson has been collecting the products of Jung's "collective unconsciousness"—dreams, hypnotic states, mediumistic phenomena, automatic writing, et cetera. In his book, *Lifetide*, Watson offers a tentative summary of the data: ". . . there is a sameness in the tone, the word structure, the feeling, and the delivery of almost all the material. It has a dreamlike quality, and my feeling is that the vast majority of all the evidence I am looking at is a series produced by *one* prodigious dreamer" (italics added).

William Butler Yeats, trying to justify his interest in Cabalistic magic to rationalistic friends, came up with the same metaphor: "The borders of our minds are ever shifting, and many minds can flow into one another, as it were, and create or reveal a single mind . . . our memories are part of one great memory, the memory of Nature herself."

This "one great dreamer" or "one great memory" can be accessed by Cabalistic practices, or by Zen meditation, or by LSD, or by a dozen other gimmicks. It has the quality of oneness in that it is the same no matter who accesses it or when—whether they are in India 500 B.C. or Florence A.D. 1300 or in New York City today. It seems to be "timeless" or unconnected to our conscious notions of sequential time, as even so materialistic an observer as Freud noticed. One of the benefits of the psychological investigations of our times—from Freud and Jung to the LSD research of the '60s and the human-potential movement—has been to make most of us aware again, for the first time since the 17th century, that this level of the psyche exists in all of us and cannot safely be repressed or ignored.

The Cabalist, scorned by the 19th century as a crank or a charlatan, seems to be having the last laugh after all. There may be only one person in 10,000—or in 100,000—who seriously studies Cabala, but the avant-garde third of the population understands Cabalistic logic very well. If you show them the Tree of Life, and explain it, they might say that it is an alternative map of the *chakras*—if they are into Oriental mind-science; or an anatomy of the collective unconscious—if they're into Jung; or the circuits of the nervous system—if Tim Leary is their bag; but one way or another they will *recognize* it. It looked like gibberish to Yeats's contemporaries.

Military Intelligence never could figure out how the "angelic archers" escaped from Arthur Machen's imagination to the perceptions of the soldiers at Mons. But the readers of this magazine understand. Don't you? □

there's going to be a profit for me in it regardless of what happens. There are always people willing to pay for the best."

Neither Greg nor Benny see much prospect of legalization in the near future. Benny predicts that legalization will happen only after the domestic dope industry supercedes smuggling, only after helicopter raids and growhouses have become a reality in every corner of the nation. He doesn't see legalization as threatening to put him out of business:

"When they come to legalize it, the people in charge are going to be the same knuckleheads responsible for keeping it illegal all this time, so we can count on them fucking up royally. Being the government, they'll try to tax it beyond sensible limits; to do that, they'll have to prohibit people from growing their own. A guaranteed bootlegging trip. A whole new generation of outlaws."

Greg isn't quite as cynical as Benny when he discusses the prospects of eventual legalization, and isn't especially resentful about its taking so long. For he feels that the longer legalization is delayed, the more compelling will become the logic of the cottage-industry approach. While he isn't about to go wagering any large sums on it, he sees at least a possibility for a rational future:

"What I'd like to do is grow an acre or two of dope out in the open, with all the plants properly dispersed and fertilized and irrigated, with no narcs or ripoffs to worry about. And I'd like to be able to sell that dope with my *name* on it, the way Rothschild sells his burgundy. Just let me compete in a fair, open market."

Time flies when you're having fun... especially when you're ripped as well. And this applies, contrary to popular opinion, even when you're working furiously at a repetitive, witless task like bud trimming. We were all quite astonished when we discovered ourselves working on the last sack of untrimmed buds, and astonished again when we learned how late in the afternoon it was. We'd worked four or five hours without a break or a thought of food—getting it done the way the Peruvians get it done.

The serious celebrating began. Greg broke open a couple of bottles of champagne and laid out lines of coke that might have given any of us a decent shot at winning the Kentucky Derby. A *furo* (Japanese-style hot tub) was steaming out under the mango tree to melt away that stiffness in our backs, and Dove had massages for us afterwards that left us feeling like maharajahs. To top this all off, our wages, when Greg passed them out, were supplemented by a generous bonus of buds. If this was but a pale shadow, as Roxy said, of the orgies that used to celebrate the end of bud trimming, I was almost glad I'd missed them. It wasn't the kind of treatment, even Roxy agreed, that would make anybody want to join a union. □

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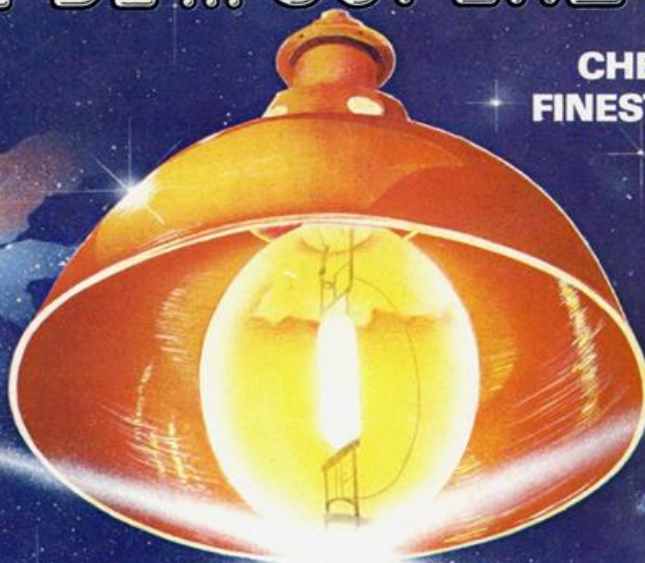
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